



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 27 April 1960

Where
it's so chic
to be English





LANCÔME

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3061

27 APRIL 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	
<i>Social dates</i>	188
<i>Hiring a villa</i> by Doone Beal	188
<i>Where to eat</i> by John Baker White	191
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	203
LOR. KILBRACKEN	210
FEATURES:	
<i>Englishwomen in French Society</i>	
photographed by Roger Hill	193
<i>Prospects for the Paris Season</i>	
by St. John Donn-Byrne	197
<i>The British Ambassador</i>	
photographed by Alec Murray	198
<i>Shopping in le Style Anglais</i>	
photographed by Roger Hill	200
<i>UK is OK</i>	202
<i>Gala for de Gaulle</i>	
drawn by Keith Money	208
<i>A Plague of Planners</i>	
photographed by Roger Hill	220
FASHION: <i>Bridgeheads Cordiales</i>	211
COUNTER SPY: <i>French buys</i>	218
BEAUTY: <i>A new deal for eyes</i>	219
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	222
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	223
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	224
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	224
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	226
MOTORING by Gordon Wilkins	228
DINING IN by Helen Burke	230

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

PARIS UNDER THE INFLUENCE



Planting the flag on the Eiffel Tower without leaving ground level is just a matter of taking up the right position in the Place de la Concorde. Photograph by COLIN SHERBORNE. For the English things that are so chic, see page 202. . . .

NO SOONER has M. Le Président gone home after capturing the town (see *Gala for de Gaulle*, page 208) than London falls under the French influence again, this time for a "French fortnight." Much more of this and it will soon begin to look as though Napoleon won. So to give the other side of the picture this issue is largely devoted to the English impact on Paris. Roger Hill, Colin Sherborne and Alec Murray went to Paris to take the photographs, and St. John Donn-Byrne, who writes about *Prospects for the Paris season* (page 197)—well, he lives there already. But before you reach them, there is John Baker White (page 191) with *Where to eat* in the gay city and Doone Beal (overleaf) on *Hiring a villa* in France and elsewhere on the continent. Paris is of course the home of the prophet of U and Miss Mitford herself is duly portrayed in *Englishwomen in French Society* (page 193). Perhaps her presence in France explains why things English are distinctly U over there. English words (though Marcel Aymé is trying to alter that—see page 202), English goods (see *Shopping in le style Anglais*, page 200), even English habits like teatime or *le whisky et soda* before dinner. But, then, Paris is pretty responsive to foreign habits generally—the place is overrun with diplomats and officials of those multi-initial international organizations, as you can gather from *A plague of planners* (page 220). No disrespect to Sir Gladwyn (soon Lord) Jebb who was photographed at the Embassy and appears on page 198. Mind you, this influence business is two-way. Just look how the French have infiltrated us: *Bridgeheads Cordiales*, a dossier of French clothes and French outposts in London's faubourgs (page 211 onwards).

Next week:

A Summer Fashion Number. . . Next, the '30s? An illustrated warning by Haro. . . Hector Bolitho: *Broken Journey*.

Next month:

The Souvenir Number of Princess Margaret's wedding will be published on 11 May. Better reserve your copy now by ordering (2s. as usual) from W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman's or any local newsagent.

P.S.

There has been some discussion about whether all *The Great Underpaid* (30 March) are really as underpaid as all that. Farm workers, it seems, have had a rise since the last official list of wage rates was published—but £8 for a 46-hour week still looks a modest enough minimum. In clearing banks, too, the clerk's daydream need not be quite as gloomy as we painted it. If he becomes a country branch manager he would make at least £27 a week—which would still surprise depositors in most other branches of commerce.

Concert PANTO CIRCUS ICE SHOW BALLET JAZZ MUSIC

New ballet with a French flavour at Covent Garden (next performance 7 May) is *Le Baiser de la Fée* with Svetlana Beriosova and Donald Macleary. The ballet is by choreographer Kenneth MacMillan to music by Stravinsky



Erich Auerbach

GOING PLACES

in London during the French fortnight

SOCIAL EVENTS

Night In Paris gala, Grosvenor House, in aid of the French Hospital in London. 9 p.m., 28 April.

Balmain Dress Show, Sothebys, 10 p.m., 2 May.

SPORT

Gala Fencing Contest, France v. Great Britain, Chelsea Town Hall, 8 p.m., 2 May.

EXHIBITIONS

French Modern Tapestries Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. To 22 May.

French Elegance Exhibition of textiles, fashions & accessories, Park Lane House. To 6 May.

Paris presents France, travel exhibition with *son et lumière* effects, Royal Exchange. 9-20 May.

MUSICAL

Pierre Monteux conducts Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in concert form at the Royal Festival Hall, with the London Symphony Orchestra. 8 p.m., 29 April.

Covent Garden Opera. Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, conducted by Mr. John Pritchard, 6 p.m., 29 April.

Ravel Programme, London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux, soloist Ginia Davis, 8 p.m., Royal Festival Hall, 6 May.

Gerard Souzay, recital of French songs, 8 p.m., Royal Festival Hall, 7 May.

ART

Flowers, birds & animals by contemporary French painters. Tryon Galleries, Dover St. To 14 May.

Paintings by Pailles, Ohana Gallery, Carlos Place. To 9 May.

Jean Marchand paintings, Crane Kalman Gallery, Brompton Rd. For 4 weeks.

FILM SEASON

Gala de Cinema Français opens with preview of *L'Eau Vive*, 8.45 p.m., National Film Theatre, South Bank, tonight. Contemporary film season continues to 8 May.

PLAYS

Ionesco's *Victim de Voir*, and **J. Mortimer's** *Commis d'Office* presented by Productions d'Aujourd'hui in the theatre of the French Institute, 8.15 p.m., 2, 3, 4, 5 May.

In Paris during the spring

SOCIAL EVENTS

Grand Variety gala, 28 April; **Orphans' Night ball & gala**, 30 April. Palais de Chaillot.

Legion Night, ball & variety, 30 April. Maison de la Legion.

Nuit E. T. P. supper & ball, 30 April. Hotel Continental.

SPORT

Racing: Cerele de l'Etrier, route de Madrid. Prix de Madrid, 30 April; **Prix de Bagatelle**, & **Prix du Moulin de Longchamp** (ladies' cup), 1 May.

Tennis: Paris international tennis championships. Roland-Garros Stadium. To 1 May.

FAIRS & FLOWER SHOWS

Throne Fair: Cours de Vincennes, & **Place de la Nation**, to 16 May.

Tulips, narcissi & hyacinths show, Parc de Bagatelle, to 10 May.

Azaleas, Porte d'Auteuil, to 10 May.

MUSICAL

Wilhelm Kempff, piano recital, Salle Pleyel, 29 April & 5 May.

Pleyel Junior Orchestra, Salle Chopin, 4 May.

Victoria de Los Angeles, recital, Théâtre des Champs Elysées, 4 May.

Opera de Catania in Bellini's *La Somnambule*, & *I Puritani*, Théâtre des Champs Elysées, 5-8 May.

ART

Poussin Exhibition, the Louvre. May-July.

New Realities, and women painters' exhibition, to 1 May; **May Salon**, & **Old & Young Painters of Today**, 4-29 May. Municipal Museum of Modern Art.

International Open-Air Art Exhibition, Bois de Vincennes (Pelouse de Reuilly), to 8 May.

Utrillo & the suburban painters, Musée Roybet-C. Fould (Courbevoie), to 30 May.

With a view

to a villa by DOONE BEAL

WHETHER or not you enjoy spending your holiday abroad in a rented villa as opposed to a hotel is a matter of temperament. It depends on the extent to which you are prepared to go domestic because, whether hired help is available or not, a good deal of domesticity is involved. On the other hand, one look at the Residents' Lounge in most seaside hotels, especially if one is encumbered with family and children, is enough to make the alternative well worth considering.

In France, the sight of the markets with their clean scrubbed vegetables, the butchers' shops where the meat is done up like Christmas presents, inculcates in me a wild desire to buy and cook. One of the pleasantest holidays I can remember was spent in a charming converted farmhouse high in the hills behind Grasse. With wine the price of lemonade, butter expensive and meat about at par, one did not live better for less, but one *did* live vastly better for the same amount.

Three more considerations offset the tedium of what for many women must be a busman's holiday. To begin with it's so much easier to cope with young children; then there's the scope for entertaining from one's own cellar (a different prospect indeed from most hotel bars), and finally the fact that, even in the height of the season, one is not thrown neck and crop with other tourists. Living abroad, for however short a time, you have that slightly superior feeling of no

longer belonging in the tourist category at all.

The most reliable way of all is to rent a villa from friends who own one, or through people who have lived in it and can brief you about the snags—for example, having to boil the vegetables in mineral water when the taps run dry; the fact that the villa may be half-way up a mountain pass, and the road unsuitable for low-slung cars; or that two of the beds in a villa to sleep four are in the living-room.

On the other hand, a good deal of the hit-and-miss has recently been knocked out of renting the unseen and unknown villa. Rentavilla, of 11 Old Bond Street, have exhaustive photographs of every villa on their books. Their rental prices include maid service for 30 hours a week which, since the maids are on contract, is also inescapable. For instance, a villa in Cagnes (on the coast half-way between Nice and Cannes) to sleep four, costs £52 10s. for the first two weeks in June, rising to £80 for any part of August, reverting to June prices in September. In addition their bi-lingual representative will call to see whether you require any other assistance, and also to check on the domestic. Rentavilla can also make arrangements to put you in touch with another family to share a villa, if it is a large one (this could be a less perilous business than sharing with your greatest friends). Finally, they run chartered flights to Perpignan, Palma, Nice, Pisa, Rimini,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

Christian Dior - London

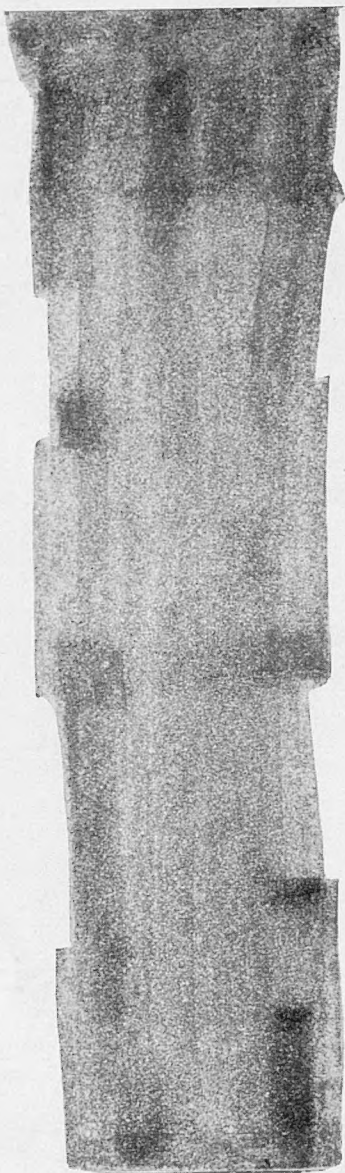
'Comedie Italienne'

a short evening dress in printed silk taffeta

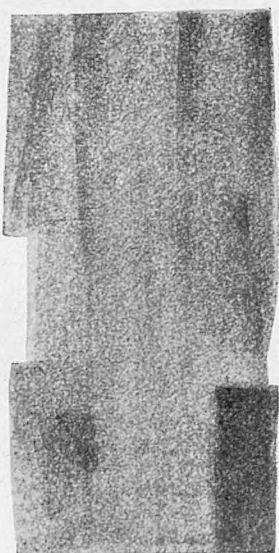
at **ROCHÁ**

24 Grafton Street, W.1.





sekers



for the first time

our internationally famous

COUTURE FABRICS

are on sale

to the public

at

Sekers, 29 Bruton Street, W.1.

Telephone Mayfair 6744

GOING PLACES CONTINUED

Naples and Valencia. The flights are at weekends, to coincide with changeover dates in the villas.

Rentavilla offer 5 per cent discount on a month's rental, rising to 20 per cent on 10 weeks.

Old-established but less highly organized is the Good Companion Agency, of Perrins Court, Hampstead. They can ask their local agency to supply domestic help for you, but this is treated outside their quoted rentals. They do not rent for less than a month in August, and the same applies, in most instances, to July as well. But you can split time or accommodation, independently, with friends.

The usual form, with any agency, is to pay 25 per cent of the fee on booking, and the rest some three

weeks before you take over. It is possible to insure—again the agency can arrange this—for a small premium against a change of plan or some unforeseen circumstance which prevents your taking up the booking. All you sacrifice is the actual booking fee of some £5. The good agencies, such as the two I have mentioned, are not unreasonable if the villa turns out to be not what you wanted—so long as *you* are reasonable, too.

My advice is to check thoroughly on the maid service, if you want it, on the linen supplied and the local laundry, whether or not this is included in the rental, and also light, gas and electricity—all variable factors. And remember that the good agencies have a local representative.

WHERE TO EAT IN PARIS

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

Two rules to remember—first get your table booked, and second, don't be late. Popular eating places in Paris do not hold tables even for regular customers. **Andre, 41 Rue Amsterdam.** Behind the Gare St. Lazare. Famous for cheeses and cheese dishes—you can make the huge cheese board a complete meal. C.S.

Le Beau, 27 Quai Bourbon 4c. In the most expensive group. Noted for chicken and lobster dishes. Closed Saturdays.

Le Ruban Bleu, 29 Rue d'Argenteuil (Opera). Good food, reasonable prices, smart at lunchtime. Not for people in a hurry.

Chez Charlot, Place Clichy. Old-fashioned restaurant specializing in oysters and fish. Quite a long taxi ride from the Rue de la Paix.

Chez Pauline, 5 Rue Villedo 1c. Eight minutes' walk from the Opera. Small, regarded by some experts as the best provincial cooking in Paris. *Terrine* a speciality. C.S.

Philip, 10 Rue Daunou. For lunch about the best value in Paris. Smart and amusing company.

Brasserie Lipp, 151 Bd. St. Germain (Quartier Latin). Alsatian food. Best lager in Paris. Popular with top politicians and writers.

Broche d'Or, Rue Bernard Palissy. Off the Bd. St. Germain. Paris's counterpart of the Ray Parkes establishment in Beauchamp Place, and—**Les Petits Pavés**, on the opposite side of the road. It is run by Madame Gruber, widow of the artist and daughter of Henri Bernstein. This restaurant and **Le Bar de Nuage**, next to the Broche d'Or, are both popular with Paris's smart set. Not cheap.



Relais Paris-Est. On the first floor of the Gare de L'Est. Quite expensive but superb cooking. C.S. **Le Relais de la Butte, 12 Rue Ravignan.** The best bet in Montmartre for food. Consistently good. Fresh *foie gras* a speciality.

Chez L'Ami Louis, 32 Rue du Vert-Bois, 3c. Expensive, but excellent cooking, and amusing patron.

Relais Bisson, 37 Quai Grands-Augustins (Quartier Latin). The resort of Greek shipping magnates. Prices are in accordance but the food is outstanding. C.S.

Queenie, 3 Pl. Madeleine. Serves anything from a sandwich and a glass of beer or a cup of tea, to a full and well-cooked meal, at any hour of the day and most of the night. A good place to watch the Parisian scene. Not expensive.

For those who want to enjoy a memorable evening, without counting the cost, there is the **Grand Vefour** in the Palais Royal and **Lapérouse** on the Quai des Grands-Augustins. The enchantment of a walk through the Palais Royal in the dusk of a spring evening never dims, and to pass through the doors of Vefour is to go back to the dignity and charm of the turn of the century. At this time of year one of its specialities is *Lamproie Bordelaise*, but it is the atmosphere that makes it so enjoyable.

Lapérouse is part of the very heart of Paris. The house dates from the time of Louis XIV. Perhaps Lapérouse's most famous dish is *Poulet Docteur*. M. Topolinski loves this old house and is dedicated to the art of *haute cuisine*. Like M. Oliver at Grand Vefour, he is also a charming personality.

Younger Set by Horrockses

Style No. N.40

Sizes: 9-15
about £5. 9. 6d.



We
chose
this
in
Paris

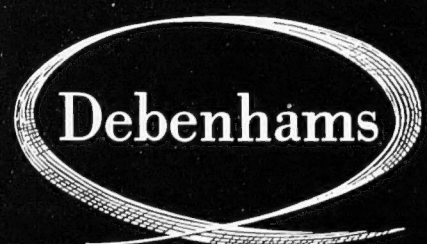
... for a swirl of loveliness. Hostess gown to enchant the eye ... vivid in flame print organza with a myriad of tiny pleats and then, in contrast, a wide rounded fold dropping to the hem. We have copied it exactly in printed organza by Staron.



Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams in the Hotel Meurice in Paris



Lanvin Castillo at





Comtesse Francois de Bourbon-Busset lives in one of the prettiest houses in Paris, in the rue de Lille. It has a façade that rates as an historic monument, and the whole place is being redecorated by artisans from the family château de Busset in Allier. "Englishwoman" is stretching it for the comtesse—she was born Brenda Balfour of a Franco-Scottish family and her mother was a d'Harcourt

ENGLISHWOMEN IN FRENCH SOCIETY

INTRODUCED BY ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE
& PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER HILL

or a select sample of the 25,000 British residents in the Paris area. These are a few who live in circles that overlap. All are involved in the French way of life, either fully, from long knowledge, or partially, by choice . . . of husband. Two have

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

young children who persist in speaking French. Three have historic châteaux in their immediate background. One has been living on a yacht which a new owner now proposes to sail from its Paris quay to the West Indies. Two have exceptionally pretty daughters about to come out. Another has a garden which is both a showplace and a hobby. Two write (to say the least of it). Their problems in terms of food, drink, servants, education, clothes, money and bureaucracy are special to France—as are the compensations they get. All are personalities on their own standing and they have in common the light touch of cross-Channel something-or-other which they bring to the French worlds they live in. Also each of them must be said to have been more than handsomely treated by at least two of the fairy godmothers that grouped around their cradles at differing distances of time.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN FRENCH SOCIETY *continued*

Princesse Philippe de Broglie can claim relationship, by marriage, with the Napoleonic marshals, Berthier and Lannes. Her mother-in-law was a Princesse de Wagram and her sister-in-law is Duchesse de Montebello. The head of the family is the Duc de Broglie, a leading French scientist. She herself was born Betty Lamb and comes of a family with long Australian connections. Her Paris home is in the rue Barbet-de-Jouy, off the Boulevard des Invalides

*Mrs. Violet Trefusis, one of two daughters of Edwardian beauty, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, holds the Légion d'Honneur. Her husband, a major in the Royal Horse Guards, died in 1929. She has had some success as a writer of witty books—the newest, *Memoirs of an Armchair*, will be published by Hutchinson's later this year. Her elegant home is a typical last-century Paris town-house, with garden courtyard, in the rue du Cherche-Midi*



Nancy Mitford is surely the most famous English-
woman in Paris if you don't count the Duchess of
Windsor, who is all English by marriage.
Her delightful evocations of French history (Voltaire,
Mme de Pompadour &c.) must have come as much of
a surprise to the French as her perceptive essay on
U-phemisms in the English. Now she is writing a
novel. Her house, near the Quai d'Orsay, is in
the rue Molière—which somehow seems just right

Comtesse Jean Caraman was photographed (below
right) aboard the boat on which she has been living until
recently—some of a contrast with the family
home, the chateau de Courson at Bruyères-la-Châtel.
Born Nadia Macklin, she is a sister of Lance (see
page 196) a daughter of the late Sir Noel
Macklin. Her husband was once in the French
Embassy in London but went into business instead.
They have a daughter, Christina, at the Cygnet House



Mrs. Lance Macklin lives at La Tuilerie, near St. Cheron. Her husband is still a name in international motor-racing, but has now given up competition driving. They have a two-year-old son and a baby daughter. Mrs. Macklin is the daughter of Col. H. W. Mulligan, C.M.G., and a grand-daughter of Mr. J. E. Armstrong, C.I.E. Her brother has captained the Irish rugby team



Mrs. Teddy Goldsmith used to model as Jill Petty, her maiden name. Now she lives near St. Germain-en-Laye and has two daughters, Dido and Clio. Her father-in-law runs the Hotel Scribe, and her brother-in-law married the tragic Isobel Patino, who died in childbirth



ENGLISHWOMEN
IN
FRENCH
SOCIETY
CONCLUDED

Prospects for the Paris season

by ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE

WHEREAS Americans speak of their "way of life" the French speak of their "art of living." The distinction is reasonable. With the French (of whom, as the genealogists put it, we treat) a good deal of this art, this living, concerns *les vacances* which take up a substantial portion of the year right down to the substrata of the economic system. The French firmly believe in the therapeutic value of a change of air. Especially they think their children should get away somewhere for at least two months out of 12. The State makes this pretty easy for one and all. What with *congés payés*, innumerable excuses for riding free on the trains, and children's colonies and liver cures, almost everyone gets some respite from whatever it is that traps them to one spot. Even the *châleards* are hustled out from under the bridges of Paris and sent away to be exposed to the horrors of a bath. But where does everybody go?

Most of all France has a coastline of 2,000 miles and what amounts to 350 seaside resorts around four different seas. It also has four mountain ranges. And then it has Paris. The holiday system was once explained to me with charm by an elegant Madame d'Orsay while her two bug-eyed miniature poodles weaved their leashes around her ankles. She said, in fact, nothing gets changed. Those who live in Paris go to the seaside. Those who live by the sea go to the mountains, and those who live in the mountains go to Paris. She said that July and August merely meant a rearrangement of the population. She left out the fact that each year brings a hefty influx of tourists and this is mounting visibly to the naked eye.

Then again she left out the fact that things in Paris close down for the holiday and the gloomy notice "*Fermeture annuelle*" confronts the tourist in search of what seems to him his traveller's due. The French small *commerçant* is as keen to make money as the next (or any other) man, but he is not going to change his habits just for that. He may see the point of staying open in August when

Paris is full of tourists but he would never be able to convince his wife. Though they virtually invented revolution, the French are the world's most conservative people. Thus in the holiday season (French) the Paris boulevards seem given over to American tourists talking about America and British tourists talking about money.

The Paris season is something special in itself. Before the war it was short and *mouvementé*, the best of it being crammed into the week before the Grand Prix at Longchamp, on the last Sunday in June. Then most people who could afford it disappeared from the capital for the three months covering the children's school holidays. Now the season is longer and extends over May and June. During this time the national theatres are putting on their best dramatic finery; the French talent for window dressing is laid out to beguile the eye; there is polo in the Bois de Boulogne, racing at all the courses so easily reached from Paris; private dances for the gilded young, art shows for the longer-haired and athletic events for the shorter. Châteaux and public buildings gleam and resound with "son et lumière" (no need to put that in *italic* any more). In fact it is the season. And here are a few selected items that this particular year has to offer.

Art Shows: the Van Gogh exhibition at the Musée Jacquemart-André until the end of May. Utrillo exhibition, Musée Royet-C. Fould, Courbevoie (suburbs) until end of May. Poussin exhibition, Musée du Louvre, until July. Cézanne exhibition, Galerie Bernheim Jeune, until end of July. Degas exhibition Galerie Durand-Ruel, June to September . . . and in June exhibitions of up-and-coming French artists at the Grand Palais.

Theatre: The Théâtre des Nations (also known as the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt) will put on about 100 separate performances by casts of 15 countries, including some new to this plan, such as Colombia, Peru, Korea, the Ivory Coast, Turkey and Iran. (One hundred thousand people saw this series last year.)

For current information about plays, cinemas and the like the best source is *La Semaine de Paris*, which gives exact details of place and time. It takes a little getting used to but not for long. There are other such guides which can be equally helpful. For longer term information a good source is the *Comité Officiel des Fêtes de Paris*, 7 Rue Balzac (near the Arc de Triomphe), Paris 8 (telephone Balzac 6846).

Concerts: 4 May, Victoria de Los Angeles at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. 16 May, Beethoven Sonatas for piano and violin, by Robert Casadesu and Zino Francescatti, at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. These are just examples.

Festival: *Nuits de Secaux* . . . this needs explanation. Secaux is the château (plus lovely park) that used to be the residence of the "Garde des Secaux" or Lord Chancellor. It is now the scene of a charming night festival (8 May to 1 June). This year French music (ancient, middle-aged and very modern) is being featured. Not to mention "son," "lumière" and "spectacles."

Racing: Five important races come up in June. The Prix de Diane (Oaks plus fashion) (5 June), and Prix du Jockey Club (12 June), both at Chantilly. On 22 June, Grande Course de Haies (equivalent of the Champion Hurdle) and on 24 June the Prix de Drags (elegance again), both at Auteuil. Finally Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp, 26 June.

After this, most people who are looking for French culture at its best, or just the pleasures the country offers, will be found well away from Paris. Two notable provincial festivals which should be considered are at Aix-en-Provence, 10 July to 31, and at Prades, near the Pyrénées, 5 July (this is Pablo Casals' former home and his festival). And should you be near Bordeaux between 20 May and 5 June you will find Artur Rubinstein and the New York City Centre Ballet all in a truly brilliant festival.

After that there is still the swimming, eating, wine and all the other things that go in the French "*art de vivre*."





A tumultuous time on the platform of U.N.O. followed by a calmer, if no less active, spell in the less publicized Embassy in Paris seems to be becoming an accepted sequence in the diplomatic service. It has been the pattern of Lord Gladwyn's career, and it is also the pattern of the man who is to succeed him in September, Sir Pierson Dixon. Lord Gladwyn, who has been British Ambassador in Paris since 1954, is leaving on reaching the retiring age. He celebrated his 60th birthday on Monday and this photograph was taken of him at his desk a few days earlier, surrounded by dispatch case, reference books, and family photographs.

In his own way as memorable a personality as an illustrious predecessor in the Embassy (Viscount Norwich), Lord Gladwyn attracted international attention through the televising of proceedings at U.N.O. in the early days of the Cold War. As Sir Gladwyn Jebb, his powerful

expositions of British policy and his unflinching exposures of Communist manoeuvres heartened Americans and did much for British prestige. Perhaps he felt personally the disappointing way in which the world organization has developed, for as a founder member (he was executive secretary of the Preparatory Commission) he shared the bright hopes that attended the launching of the United Nations. About his own future, the Government have announced that he is likely to be further employed on special missions.

Lady Gladwyn, a woman of striking beauty, is a daughter of Sir Saxton Noble, Bt. The Gladwyns have a son Miles and two daughters, Vanessa and Stella (named after two loves of Dean Swift, whom Lord Gladwyn much admires). A social highpoint of last winter in Paris was the wedding of Stella Jebb to Joel, elder son of Baron & Baronne Gaëtan de Rosnay, at St. Joseph's.



Renowned for its English silverware and jewellery, and almost equally for being the setting for the strongroom robbery in Rififi

Cross-channel cultism (at the French end) has for its first rite

Shopping in le style anglais



It doesn't stop at furniture, though that was what launched the phrase. A few dexterous purchases, facilitated by French branches of London houses, can give a Parisian a touch that is unquestionably *très snob*

The French are abreast of anybody with their own lines in lighters, but the Dunhill name and tobacco are still enough to direct discerning smokers' footsteps towards the rue de la Paix



The real thing for le five o'clock needs a visit to the boulevard Haussmann, where Twinings and tea both flourish

After all, mackintoshes were an English invention (well, British), and an English label remains a reassuring touch in the rain. Burberry's are in the boulevard Malesherbes to supply it

The leather and the workmanship are much admired in English shoes for men. Hence the branch of Lobb's (the St. James's Street bootmakers) in the faubourg St. Honoré



Meecca for the English colony, but also fancied by the French (you should see the afternoon crush in the leashop upstairs) is W. H. Smith in the rue de Rivoli

Period furniture from England (le style anglais) has a following all over the Continent. The Parisian can get it straight from Maple's in the rue Boudreau

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER HILL

UK is OK

... continuing the examination of cross-Channel cultism this illustrated guide condenses the English content of "comme il faut" tastes. It ranges from the right buys to a vocabulary sprinkled with Anglicisms* ...

English sports cars, saddlery, pewter, guns ...



English pipe tobacco ... Period English furniture ... English films

(but with subtitles, not dubbed) ...



"le weekend" ...



English-cut worsted and tweeds, especially sports jackets ...



Camel-hair, cashmere, "le sweater" ...



Lavender water (especially

for men) ...



"le rugby" (likewise) ...

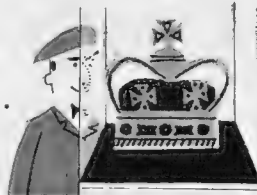
"Bye-bye" (for "au revoir"),

"stop" (for "arrêt"), "footing" (for "promenade") ...



... tea and "le five

o'clock" ...



English royalty, English nannies. English spaniels ...

Stilton cheese, "le sandwich",



whisky ...



the Moncrieff translation of Proust ... English nursery rhymes ...

Alec Guinness, Agatha Christie ... shooting in Scotland



... biscuits



But the Anglicisms have an active foe in Marcel Aymé (right), who is busy campaigning to Gallicize them. For example, he wants to spell "cocktail" coquetelle. Asked to tell TATLER readers what it is all about, the novelist and satirist sent this message:

Je m'efforce, en écrivant les mots anglais qui sont nombreux dans notre
I AM TRYING IN WRITING ENGLISH WORDS WHICH ARE NUMEROUS IN OUR
langue, de les orthographier selon la prononciation populaire. C'est une mise
LANGUAGE TO SPELL THEM ACCORDING TO POPULAR PRONUNCIATION. IT'S AN ADJUSTMENT
au point qu'il est bon de faire de temps en temps. Si elle n'avait pas été
THAT IS WORTH DOING FROM TIME TO TIME. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN
faite en Angleterre, la langue anglaise s'écrirait encore en saxon.
DONE IN ENGLAND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WOULD STILL BE WRITTEN IN SAXON.



Lipnitzki



Teenage Evening

Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid lent their country house for a charity party



Adrian Drexce and Petrina Murray received a prize from Mr. David Lloyd Thomas, whose wife was chairman of the dance committee. Below: Cleone Raikes, Selina Norman & John Lubbock



The Hon. William Shawcross, son of Lord & Lady Shawcross, with Lord Michael Pratt and his mother, Marchioness Camden. Above right: Col. J. de Wilton with Joanna Chamberlain, Penelope Morgan-Giles and the Hon. Anne Sidney. Right: The Hon. Julian Byng, Miss Margare Stonborough, Mr. N. Sturge and Miss Jane Ormsby-Gore, débutante daughter of the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs & Mrs. Ormsby-Gore





Mr. Alexander Macmillan, grandson of the Prime Minister, and Miss Caroline Woodhawk

TEENAGE EVENING *continued*

The Hon. Jacquetta Lampson, daughter of Lord & Lady Killearn, and the Hon. Archie Hamilton, son of Lord & Lady Hamilton of Datzell



Miss Sarah d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Mr. Ronnie Norman. Below: Mr. Richard Blake-ney and Mr. Randal MacGregor bought raffle tickets from Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid



Muriel Bowen's social report

LARGE CARS delivered small fry—and some not so small—at Somerhill, the Kent home of Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, M.P., & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid. They had come for an Easter-holiday ball. There was Mr. Alexander Macmillan, a flower in his buttonhole. I think his grandfather, the Prime Minister, would have liked that touch. His young brother Adam wore the kilt. "I simply hate boys going about in dinner jackets until they're at least 15," the Hon. Mrs. Macmillan, their mother, told me. "Boys look so much smarter in kilts. But with my two bigger ones I had to relax—they've grown up so quickly."

Mr. John Hay-Drummond-Hay agreed about boys looking smarter in kilts, and he had another point. "When it comes to the cost of fitting a 12-year-old out in a dinner jacket it's no joke." It is usually the expense of the girls' clothes that fathers complain about.

There were lots of young girls, all dimples and giggles under the chandeliers and wearing those pretty, pretty party frocks. I saw the Hon. Anne Sidney, Miss Joanna Chamberlain, the Hon. Roxana Lampson, Miss Penelope Morgan Giles, and Miss Jane Ormsby-Gore (daughter of the Rt. Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, M.P.) who is having a coming-out dance on 27 June.

In the upstairs oak-panelled ballroom the dancing got louder and livelier as the evening progressed. "Go on, make it jazzier!" said a young man to the band leader, Nat Gilder.

Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid was called on to make a speech. I don't think he liked the idea, but he went through with it. "I've never before been called on to sing for my supper in my own house," he said. The ball was the first of two that the family are having this year. The second, next month, is for the coming-out of the d'Avigdor-Gold-

smids' daughter Sarah. Her big interest at the moment is learning Russian. "There's a big industrial exhibition in Moscow in the autumn and I've been promised a job at it if I can speak Russian," she told me.

A new idea at the tombola stall was an exchange table. Not that everything was exchangeable. "I refuse to change a book, but I don't mind about perfume," said Miss Ursula Philip-Williams. "After all, it's senseless if a *boy* finds himself with a bottle of perfume." Miss Philip-Williams helped organize the ball which was a benefit for the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

Mr. Duncan Groves won a radio. But Lord Michael Pratt, Mr. Charles Eddison, and the Hon. William Shawcross weren't so lucky. Mr. Guy Nevill (he's a Page of Honour to the Queen) found compensation at the hot-dog stall, where in the end his purchases exceeded his appetite and he distributed the last of his "dogs" among friends and contemporaries of his parents, Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill.

Fathers, headed by Mr. David Lloyd Thomas (husband of the ball chairman) had been instructed by the committee to dance with the wallflowers. But they found themselves standing about, without partners—there were no wallflowers. Come to think of it, there never *are* wallflowers at a dance where the men are mostly under 18. They haven't yet acquired the habit of huddling together in a corner and offering condolences to each other over the doings of a charmless Stock Exchange.

A POLITICAL PARTY

A different sort of coming out was celebrated when Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., & Mrs. Foot gave a reception for Dr. Hastings Banda, the Nyasaland political leader. Their flat came jolly near to bursting at the seams. There were those who scarcely ever go to



Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor and the Countess of Portarlington



Princess Vladimir Galitzine



Mrs. William King (Anita Leslie) wore a necklace made from one of Mrs. Fitzherbert's tiaras



Above: Sir Shane Leslie, Bt., Mrs. King's father.
Left: The Earl of Munster

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL

A date for descendants

parties—and those who scarcely ever do anything else. Among the rare partygoers were Sir William Haley (editor of *The Times*) & Lady Haley, the Hon. Michael Berry (editor-in-chief of *The Daily Telegraph*, nowadays more the "Establishment" paper) & Lady Pamela Berry, the Hon. Mrs. Adeane (teacher of Sir Michael Adeane, Private Secretary of the Queen), and the Bishop of Southwark, Rt. Rev. Mervyn Stockwood.

Mr. Banda, his small, slim figure encased in a new blue suit, was eating smoked salmon croûtes. What did he have for supper that day last week? "In prison the last meal was at 11 p.m." he said. He didn't elaborate.

He's a genial little man. "I'm very grateful to Mr. Macleod," he told me. "But you know what he did? He let me out on All Fools' Day!" He speaks quietly, but there was a ring of authority in his low voice.

Miss Foot is the current star among the hostesses who specialize in the informal political party. Tories, Liberals, Socialists—they all think the same about going to Mrs. Foot's parties. They'll even put off for a night a weekend in the country, or a trip to Paris.

"Trouble with Africa is that politics, as they do here, come before art," said Mr.

Oliver Messel. "What wonderful official buildings the Africans could have if they use their own native materials like thatch and bamboo, and forget about what the Americans have."

I met Sir Jock Campbell, one of the big businessmen of Nyasaland, the Earl & Countess of Lucan, Mr. Humphry Berkeley, M.P. (the Tory who called, in the House of Commons, for Dr. Banda's release), the Hon. David Astor, and Mr. & Mrs. Frank Byers, who had just got back from a visit to South Africa.

The invitations on the mantelpiece (they included one to Princess Margaret's wedding) looked like getting crowded off as still more people came in. There was Sir Barclay Nihill (former President of the East African Court of Appeal) & Lady Nihill, Mr. Edward Gardner, M.P., & Mrs. Gardner (he's the newest Q.C.), Mrs. Ernest Wilcock (her son has an hotel in Blantyre at which Mr. Macmillan stayed during his Nyasaland visit) and Major-General & Mrs. W. A. Dimoline.

SHADES OF GEORGE IV

Another overseas visitor, this time from Ireland, was Miss Anita Leslie (a second

cousin of Sir Winston Churchill) who has just written a book on the intriguing Mrs. Fitzherbert, mistress of George IV. Countess Jellicoe gave a party to launch it at her bijou house in Belgravia. "I remember Anita in Syria during the war," she told me. "We were living in appalling conditions and talking for hours and hours about Mrs. Fitzherbert."

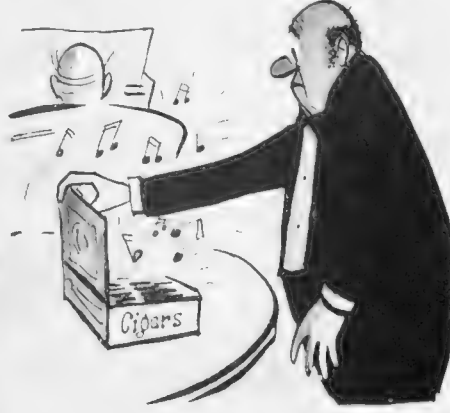
The guests included about 50 descendants of Mrs. Fitzherbert and Minnie Scymour, her daughter. Miss Leslie's father, Sir Shane Leslie (wearing side whiskers and a black kilt), put them in their place in a rumbustious speech. "You've garnered few titles," he said, "but don't worry—blood is thicker than parchment. . . . I do not suppose that so small a room has ever before been honoured with so much disputed royal blood."

A stout lady dressed in black and sitting on the sofa kept saying, "Not true, not true." But Sir Shane continued with his speech. He's a bit deaf.

Mr. David James, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. James, the Earl of Munster, Miss Hilary Overy, Mr. & Mrs. William Crawshaw, and Mrs. Diana Sandys tried—with the aid of Lady Jellicoe's champagne—to sort

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BRIGGS by Graham



Point-to-Point of the Whaddon Chase at Great Horwood, Bucks

PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN

Capt. G. H. S. Webber (British Show Jumping Association Secretary) and Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian



One of the fences in the Vale of Aylesbury Grand Open Race, which was won by Mr. B. Ancil on Short Heath



Mr. George Aird



Miss Mary Hickman



Mrs. Christopher Marler, Mrs. Dorian Williams, whose husband is Master of the Whaddon Chase and a B.B.C. commentator, and Mrs. Richard Cooper



Spectators on the roof of Mr. R. G. Sloan's 1909 yellow Commer Omnibus included Maj. J. M. B. Pratt, Mr. A. Frost and Mrs. A. John Lewis

off to Florence to study dress-designing and art. "Especially dress-designing, she's very keen on that," her sister told me.

Miss Crichton-Stuart hasn't to worry about the future. An accomplished secretary, she can take shorthand dictation in French, Spanish and Arabic. As Mrs. Dormer put it: "Margot is most awfully bright." Already she has a full-time secretarial job in London. Her father, Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, and his family have come back to Scotland recently after the better part of a lifetime in Tangier.

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

At the Whaddon Chase point-to-point, Mr. R. G. Sloan used a 51-year-old bright yellow bus for entertaining his friends. Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian drove up in a Rolls, then transferred to the top of their refreshment van, which had been made into a solidly constructed grandstand. From the corner flew a green and white burgee. "When we asked friends to come to our grandstand they always wound up with the judges," Mr. Gulbenkian told me. "Then my wife suggested that we fly the burgee."

The Whaddon has a tremendous reputation in the field and it was good to see the hounds completely recovered from their recent and mysterious sniffing illness. They paraded between races.

Mr. Dorian Williams, the Master, introduced me to some of his followers. He's got an observant field. These were some of the comments as members were spotted among the race crowd:

Of Viscount Knutsford: "A marvellous man . . . you should see the way he gets down to helping the terrier men . . . he's every bit as good as an extra terrier." Lord Knutsford is 71.

Of Mr. Brian Dulanty, son of the late Mr. John Dulanty, former Irish High Commissioner in London: "Now he's one of the people from London. . . . jumps the most awfully dangerous fences . . . terribly brave . . . but he sometimes breaks his bones."

Of Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian: "When he comes off . . . and you catch his horse you just couldn't get a nicer 'Thank You.'"

Who else was racing? Major & Mrs. L. S. Marler, Mr. & Mrs. John Richardson, Mr. Clive Haselden, the famous veterinary surgeon, Mr. "Buzzy" Judd (wearing plus-fours) & Mrs. Judd and their daughters Caroline and Sally. Also Mr. & Mrs. Vic North, the Hon. Mrs. Faulconer (a great performer on the side-saddle with the Whaddon), Miss Joan Sunley, and Miss Sally Cooper. Pretty Miss Cooper, a recently qualified veterinary surgeon, isn't all that keen on Irish horses despite their recent winnings. "They're like Irishmen," she told me. "Both greatly over-rated."

out the tangle of the Fitzherberts and the FitzClarences. I also met Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, elegant wife of the Duke of Westminster's heir. "My husband and I are intrigued about the book being dedicated to us," she told me. "Apparently some of our ancestors were kind to Mrs. Fitzherbert."

Comdr. William King told me that his wife, Miss Leslie, wrote at their place in Co. Galway. "We've got an old castle with very thick walls, and a small cottage near it with central heating. We move from one to the other depending on the weather." Comdr. King was a wartime submarine commander.

COCKTAILS FOR TWO

At her home in Lennox Gardens Mrs. Michael Dormer gave a cocktail party for her half-sister, Miss Sarah Hamilton, and her cousin, Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart, both of whom are coming out this year. With the young men not only eligible, but outnumbering them, the girls were off to a fine start. There were the Duke of Atholl, Mr. Michael Leigh, Prince Alexander Romanoff, Lord Phillimore, Mr. Hamish Stuart Black, Mr. Alastair Hamilton, Capt. David Buchan of Auchmacoy, all rushing about and getting them champagne.

When the season is over Miss Hamilton is

Cocktail Party for Miss Sarah Hamilton & Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart



Miss Teresa Buckingham and Mr. Alastair Hamilton. Left: The Duke of Atholl and Mr. Anthony Coleridge



Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart, only daughter of Lord & Lady Ian Crichton-Stuart



PHOTOS: LEWIS MORLEY



Mr. Edward Pereira and Miss Anne Summers. Above right: Mr. Michael Grylls and Mr. Ian Lilburn



The Hon. Timothy Jessel, Lord Jessel's heir



The Hon. Matthew and Mrs. Beaumont with (right) Mr. Peter Alexander



Mrs. Michael Dormer, who gave the party, and Lord Phillimore



Mr. Gerald Hamilton his daughter Sarah and Mr. Charles Crichton-Stuart

Gala for de Gaulle

Drawings by Keith Money at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Cecil Beaton's lavish décor using 25,000 pale pink carnations recalled a gala night in 1903 when another French leader, President Loubet, was similarly honoured

Mrs. John Profumo, wife of the Minister of State, wore a dress of nasturtium-coloured silk

The dark blue sash of the Royal Victorian Order highlighted the dress of oyster satin worn by the Duchess of Gloucester. With her (right) is the Countess of Leicester, Lady of the Bedchamber

Diamonds again for Mrs. John Hay Whitney (below) wife of the American Ambassador. She wore them in a necklace that off-set the tangerine satin of her dress. The olive spray in her hair was made of gold

Lady Diana Cooper's dress of bronze paper taffeta struck a quieter note but her diamond necklet and ear-rings matched the brilliance of the evening

Television cameras moved in for close-ups of the Grand Staircase flanked by Yeomen Warders. The Countess of Leicester's gown was of cerise embroidered organza over white satin and she wore a diamond tiara

Diamond tiaras and jewelled orders flashed and glittered in the brilliantly lighted foyer. The Queen wore the magnificent diamond diadem which belonged to Queen Victoria and a diamond and sapphire necklace matched the deep blue embroidery on her white silk dress. Across the bodice, held by a diamond bow, was the crimson sash of the Légion d'Honneur, also worn by the Queen Mother and President de Gaulle



Lord Kilbracken:

Chain reaction in the desert

THE JOURNALIST has to be a great despiser of clichés, but one of the difficulties of doing without them is that they're so often bang-on. For example: *you never know what may come of it*. How else can you put it, for the truth is that you never do know? I was thinking this the other day as I remembered driving from Istanbul to Calcutta some years ago. I had stopped in a small oasis in the Dacht-i-Lut desert to take on petrol, and the mechanic there told me that another European happened to be in the same oasis at the same time. He pointed out a tin hut across the road, inside which I found Henri Cartier-Bresson, the great French photographer, squatting on the floor drinking tea-and-lime with his Balinese wife. They were on their way overland from India to Israel, and had arrived an hour earlier on the bus from Zahidan.

I spent the evening with them, and mentioned, in the course of conversation, that I hoped to reach Bali a month or two later. Henri wrote the mystic words "*Tjokorde Agoeng, Oeboed*" in my address book, and I forgot all about them till the canoe put me ashore in Bali on the yellow beach at Boeleng. Then, remembering, I chartered an ancient taxi, which carried me to Oeboed over the island's volcanic vertebrae. Thus I had the good fortune to stay with the Tjokorde Agoeng¹ in his jungle *poeri*², instead of in the capital, Denpasar—which is where almost all the tourists stay (and which is consequently spoilt).

Sitting with the Tjokorde one evening, soon before sunset on the verandah of his *poeri*, I heard a *gamelan*³ approaching. The Tjokorde explained to me that a God was being carried to the river—the God of the Dead. A temple festival was to start next day, and the God must first be purified. I walked to the gateway, and saw the procession coming down the village street towards me.

The *gamelan* led the way. Immediately behind it, a man bore a banner of coarse white cloth, then a dozen men with ceremonial

spears, and then the girls of the village, chosen for their poise and beauty, in stately single line. They carried, on their heads, offerings for the God—baskets of bamboo, richly decorated, piled high with fruits and silks and sweetmeats. Each girl went barefoot, and each girl wore her best: a brilliant, full-length sarong, a brightly coloured bodice, and exotic jungle flowers in her darkly-coiled hair.

Next came the group of men who carried and escorted the God. The God was symbolized by a miniature empty throne, decked out with silks, mounted on an ornate bamboo frame and held on the shoulders of four men. On each side walked attendants with long-handled umbrellas, of white or pink cloth, or of gold brocade, to shield the deity from evil spirits and influences. Last of all came a second *gamelan*, playing in a different style and rhythm from the first which had preceded it, 50 yards ahead.

I walked with the procession, among the throng which followed. There was no mock-solemnity and everyone was in festive mood. The members of the *gamelan* were joking and laughing as they played with apparent nonchalance, seeming to give scant attention to their instruments, chatting and playing the fool. The bearers of the God wore everyday dress, and might have been carrying any ordinary burden. The umbrella-men had a jaunty air, and yet there was a strange atmosphere of dignity and devotion.

Soon after leaving the village, it could be seen that the procession was dividing: the road runs down to the river between two great banks and the *gamelans* were continuing ahead down the road, while the rest of the procession climbed a steep, narrow footpath up the bank to one side.

This, the Tjokorde explained later, was because the road at this point passed under a primitive aqueduct: a galvanized pipe, battered and leaking, which carried water to the ricefields on one side. The God must not be allowed to pass under it, but must be carried up the bank and down again to the road when the aqueduct's danger has been passed. It was fascinating and beautiful: all the bright colours, and all the para-

phernalia, in outline against the paling blue sky, a long, moving silhouette. Then, the steep descent, by another narrow footpath, the girls picking their sure way down, their offerings well balanced. And then the bearers of the God, and of the banners, and of the spears.

The procession reassembled and continued till the steep banks ended, and another path dropped down towards the river. Ahead, rather below me and in jungle, stood the Tjokorde's own temple. The God and the offerings were placed in its forecourt, and the men of the two *gamelans*, playing now in unison, squatted to one side. Beyond them, at the bottom of a deep ravine, was the intersection of two rivers, small but fast-flowing; here, in the holy waters, the main part of the ceremony was taking place.

For the people of Oeboed purify their deity by purifying themselves, and most of the village were already in the stream. I looked down on a maze of brown bodies, shiny with water, the children laughing and shouting, diving from convenient rocks. As I watched, the men and girls who had been in the procession filed slowly down the steep path to the water's edge, divested themselves of all clothing and leapt into the river. Meantime the God remained on the shoulders of the four bearers in the temple forecourt, and the *gamelans* played.

Soon it was dark; the last bather left the water, the procession formed up again before the temple and returned to Oeboed as it had come. As we approached the village, lights appeared behind us on the road. A car was heading towards us, its headlights ablaze, and I felt sure it would be made to stay behind us, that it would not be allowed to interfere with the ceremony. But the entire procession moved over to one side to allow the battered Chevrolet to pass by, and the lights of the new God, for a moment, brilliantly illumined the old God, and its trappings and its glory, before speeding on through the night on the main road to Denpasar.

I might never have seen any of it, but for a chance meeting at a filling station in a desert thousands of miles away.

¹ Tjokorde Agoeng: literally, "The Great Lord."

² *Poeri*: a native palace.

³ *Gamelan*: a Balinese band or orchestra.



*Admitting that we
British are just as
wide open to cross-
Channel infiltration,
these pages chart
the evidence:*

Bridgeheads Cordiales

*A dossier of
French clothes
and French outposts
in London's faubourgs*

PHOTOS: MICHAEL DUNNE



The suit is by Guy Laroche in a soft orange and white checked wool with a high-waisted jacket giving a cummerbund effect. It costs £17 in the Young and Gay department of Simpson's in Piccadilly. The sugar-loaf hat of rough white straw (10½ gns.) is from Christian Dior Chapeaux at Dickins & Jones, W.1. The gastronomic outpost is Chez Victor, long-established (50 years) at 45 Wardour Street, W.1. The restaurant provides the best French food in London for discriminating patrons among whom the proprietor, M. Gilbert France, numbers many famous names from the theatre world

Bridgeheads

Cordiales CONTINUED



The dress is by Jacques Heim in black and tan printed pure silk with a black suède belt and the *trompe l'oeil* effect of a two-piece.

It costs 28 gns. and is among a large number of Heim

models at Harrods, who also have the black straw high hat: 19 gns.

The ecclesiastical out-

post is the Church of Notre-Dame de Paris in Leicester Place, recently rebuilt to the designs of Professor Hector Corsiato and a distinguished example of modern church architecture.

Jean Cocteau is completing three frescoes for the interior



The suit is by Lanvin-Castillo in a black and white lattice printed pure silk with a matching collarless coat-cape fitting snugly on the shoulders under the wide-necked collar of

the suit. The model is made only to order at Liberty's, Regent Street, in the original material or to customer's choice. The educational

outpost is the Institut Français (founded 1915) in the Cromwell Road, which provides a bi-lingual curriculum for 1,800 boys and girls (1,200 of the pupils are British). A vast new wing was added to the Institut last year





The two-piece is by Claude Rivi re in a light grey worsted with a long jacket and an all-round pleated skirt. It costs 26 gns. and is among the many models from the Rivi re collection to be found at Harrods, Knightsbridge, who also have the white leather pill-box hat: 5½ gns. The literary outpost is the French bookshop of Messrs. Hachette at 127 Regent Street, which stocks publications in every branch of French literature as well as the current magazines and the day's newspapers from Paris

City of Westminster
**REGENT
 STREET.** W1

Bridgeheads Cordiales

CONCLUDED



City of Westminster GREEK STREET W1

The street dress of fine grey flannel (*below*) was bought by Harvey Nichols from the Pierre Balmain collection and can be ordered to customers' own requirements only. The price in the original fabric is 75 gns. and the copies to order, cost about 55 gns. The Balmain hat (18 gns.) is also at Harvey Nichols. The gilt-handled umbrella costs 7 gns. The culinary outpost presided over by Mme Creachcadee (*left*) is the 92-year-old family business of L. Cadec Ltd. at 27 Greek Street, Soho, purveyors of every kind of French cooking utensil. They will also take in your own favourite saucepans for repair



City of Westminster MADDOX ST. W.

The summer suit is by Christian Dior in hyacinth blue linen. About 58½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Miss Stewart, Harrogate; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Dior hat in blue and green straw. The outpost of fashion is Christian Dior—London, Ltd., in Maddox Street, W.1, where a selection of models from the parent house are made exactly to the originals and sold to leading stores

The dress and jacket (*opposite*) is by Givenchy in nigger-brown wild silk with the jacket cut away to show the ciré satin at the waist. It can be copied exactly to customers' own requirements at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1. The hat of orange and green woven tobacco leaves by Christian Dior Chapeaux costs 16 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. Pace-setting outpost is the Faubourg St. Honoré at 52/53 Jermyn Street, which stocks scarves, belts, ties, toilet preparations, saddlery and handbags like the alligator bag with gilt mounts (£135 1s. 5d.) all from Hermès of Paris

City of Westminster JERMYN ST. SW1

THIS	SIDE
N ^{os} 113-80	N ^{os} 79-65
OTHER	SIDE
N ^{os} 1-47	N ^{os} 48-64

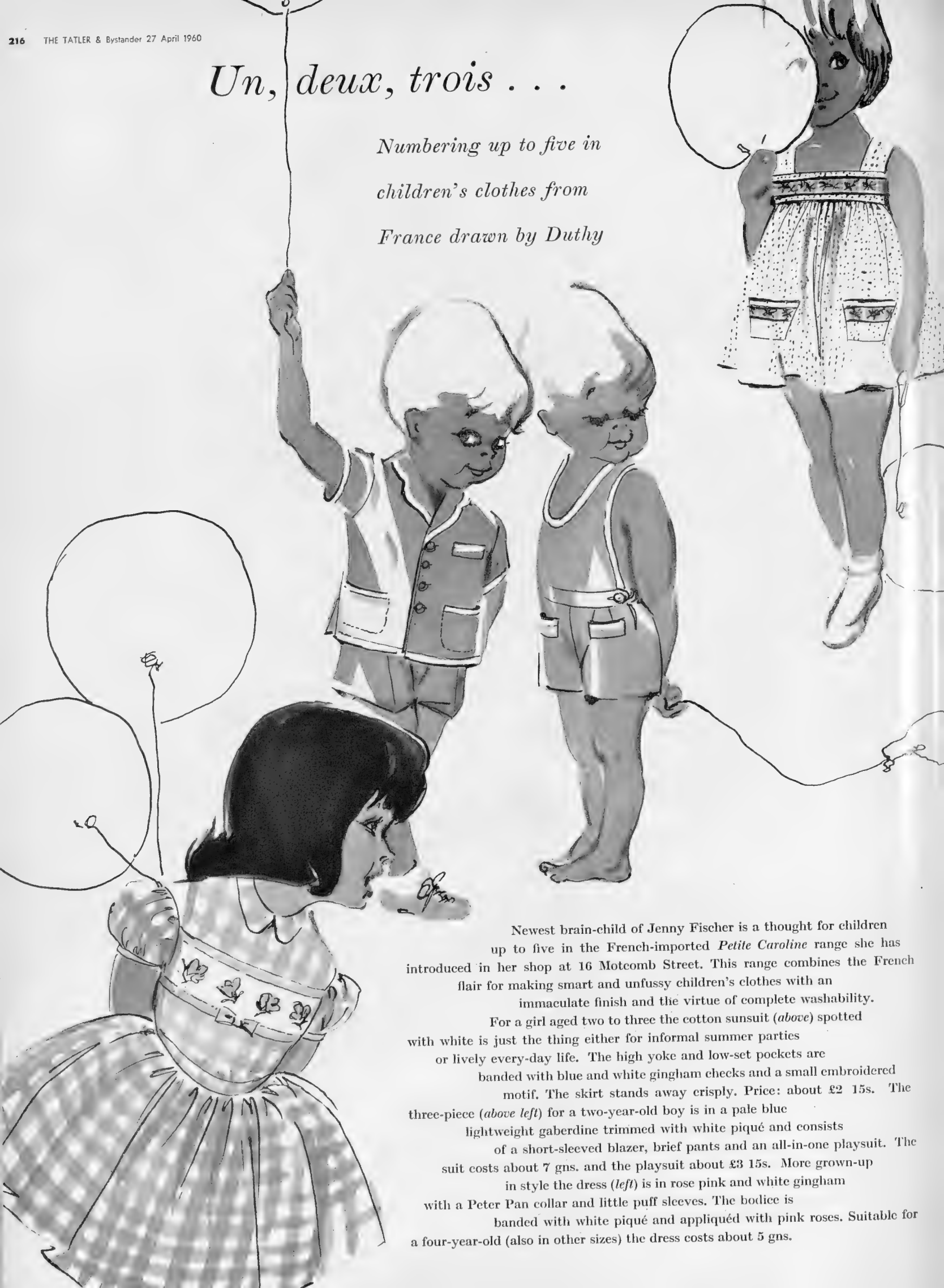
EXCLUSIVITÉS FEMMES

THE FANTLER & Bystander 27 April 1960 215



Un, deux, trois . . .

*Numbering up to five in
children's clothes from
France drawn by Duthy*



Newest brain-child of Jenny Fischer is a thought for children up to five in the French-imported *Petite Caroline* range she has introduced in her shop at 16 Motcomb Street. This range combines the French flair for making smart and unfussy children's clothes with an immaculate finish and the virtue of complete washability.

For a girl aged two to three the cotton sunsuit (*above*) spotted with white is just the thing either for informal summer parties or lively every-day life. The high yoke and low-set pockets are banded with blue and white gingham checks and a small embroidered motif. The skirt stands away crisply. Price: about £2 15s. The three-piece (*above left*) for a two-year-old boy is in a pale blue lightweight gaberdine trimmed with white piqué and consists of a short-sleeved blazer, brief pants and an all-in-one playsuit. The suit costs about 7 gns. and the playsuit about £3 15s. More grown-up in style the dress (*left*) is in rose pink and white gingham with a Peter Pan collar and little puff sleeves. The bodice is banded with white piqué and appliquéd with pink roses. Suitable for a four-year-old (also in other sizes) the dress costs about 5 gns.



Worn by little French boys the chemise top (*above*) known as a Jackson, is suitable for year-olds up to 18 months. It is made of crisply striped blue and white cotton, loosely knife-pleated from a white yoke. It buttons up the back and the pants are bloomer style. Price 5 gns. Stripes again for the sunsuit (*above left*) in pink and white cotton with a low back and a pinafore front that can be worn with a blouse. The price for a three-year-old girl would be about £4 12s. 6d. For an older, more sophisticated sister, the crisp sleeveless dress (*above right*) with a ruched bodice and extra full skirt, is in turquoise cotton. The ruching on the bodice is in turquoise, lilac and pink and the price is about 6 gns. There is a matching cardigan (not shown) and underneath the dress is a stiff nylon taffeta skirt petticoat, prices from 17s. 6d. The year-old (*right*) wears a cotton coat minutely checked in sky-blue and white. It is double breasted, has cuffed sleeves and is smartly box-pleated from the yoke. Lining throughout is in white cotton and the price is about 4 gns.



COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: 'MINETTE SHEPARD' MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

Buying French

FOR A FLAVOUR THAT IS UNMISTAKABLY French you can buy the box of shells (top) with a tin of snails for 9s. 6d. at Harrods. They stand in an aluminium snail dish from L. Cadée, Greek Street. A dish to hold six snails costs 8s., for twelve, 9s. 6d. The dishes are also made in white china at 10s. and 14s. 3d. respectively. The fork, stuck into the snails, and the tongs (shown below the writing case) are made of stainless steel and cost 21s. 9d. the pair at Liberty's. The writing case on which the dish of escargots rests is hand-made in France. It is covered in wine velvet and has an oval frame for a miniature which here contains a bottle of Cardin's newest scent *Suite Sixteen*. The case, also obtainable in peacock blue, costs 8 gns. at Harrods. The scent, which is exclusive to Harrods, costs 3½ gns. for a half-ounce bottle. Cognes and scents from Hermès of Paris are on sale for the first time in this country at Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street. Cologne here called *Eau d'Hermès* comes in a heavy glass-stoppered bottle tied with a taupe suede bow; prices are from £3 2s. in four sizes. Brilliant paisley cotton trimmed with yellow velvet bows covers a pair of stiff shoe trees (ideal for travelling) from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street. They cost 17s. 6d. or 30s. complete with shoe bags (not shown). The rose-covered velvet and moire upright frame for holding six miniatures comes from the makers of the writing case and costs 6 gns. at Harrods. Oblong black lizard skin bag by Hermès is lined with softest black kid and fastened with a gilt clasp. It costs £81 13s. (or in nigger brown alligator, £147 5s. 6d.) at Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street. A pair of hand-finished bright pink rosebud-printed cotton pillow cases from Porthault of Paris are rimmed with pale pink and cost 16 gns. with a sheet from The White House who are staging a special showing of French linen during London's French Season. Crisp as the salad in which it rests is a blonde glacé kid shoe with low-cut sides: 6½ gns. from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street. White opaline goblet costs 10s. 11d. from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, who have a wine glass to match (not shown) for 6s. 11d. Heavenly blue jars come in four sizes from Presents of Dover Street and range in price from 13s. to 17s. 6d. A matching blue opaline powder bowl (not shown) costs 19s. 6d.



Priscilla Conran

GOOD LOOKS

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

A WINNING HAND in the eye game always depends on the right cards. But this summer anybody can deal herself trumps. A new system of eight tools with a total of 94 colour-ways is coming out soon. If you bought up the collection above it would set you back £4 11s. 6d., but virtually set you up for life.

Brightest thoughts in the collection are the new *Liquid Eye Liner* and *Eye Shadow Pan* colours. You draw the liquid on with a brush by day, stipple it with the pan colour touched on with a brush by night. Prettiest on blue or green eyes: *Turquoise*, *Pastel Blue* or just *Blue Liquid Eye Liner* garnished with *Gold*, or *Silver* or *Platinum* from the pan colour (bring it over and beyond the liner to give a glistening cast rather like the sheen on a butterfly wing). Riveting on brown eyes: a basic *Brown Liquid Eye Liner* touched with *Gold* pan colour, which gives a tortoise-shell hue. Stunning, too, is *Liquid Eye Liner* with matching frosted pan colour. Eyeshadow comes in a stick type as well, in 14 plain or frosted colours (bright: *Blue-Green*; or off-beat:

Green Frosted). Gold or silver eyelash tipping for galas: 21s. 6d.

The propelling eyebrow pencil does a good reshaping job on eyebrows and comes in *Auburn*, *Charcoal*, *Green* and *Blue* in addition to the basic browns and black. A *Fine Line* pencil never needs sharpening and an *Eye Liner* pencil is sensibly long in plain or frosted colours (try a touch of *Frosted Gold* behind lashes to brighten eyes).

Useful additions are an *Eye Liner* pencil sharpener (6s. 6d.), a jar of 50 remover pads for 10s. 6d. which make a clean sweep of a messy job and an eyebrow brush (4s. 6d.).

On the card (from De La Rue's *Jean Picart le Doux* pack) is—starting at the top—an *Eye Shadow Stick* (8s. 6d.); then, anti-clockwise, an *Eye Shadow Pan* in *Gold* (17s. 6d.); a *Liquid Eye Liner* (10s. 6d.), two brushes, one for eye shadow (10s. 6d.), the other an *Eye Liner* brush (9s. 6d.); then a propelling eyebrow pencil (12s.), a lengthy *Eye Liner* pencil (9s. 6d. for frosted, 7s. 6d. for plain colour) and finally a *Roll On* mascara (13s. 6d.). All on sale from 2 May.



UNESCO: In its grandiose new building near the Ecole Militaire (ornamented by Henry Moore sculpture) the sight of a sari heading for a conference is everyday stuff. Probably there'll be somebody discussing a project for circulating Laos with news of Western thought on classroom aids. Exchange of ideas in education, science and culture is what this organization is all about



SHAPE: This collateral descendant of the wartime SHAEF emblazons its entrance with the flags of all the Allied Powers in Europe, of which it is the Supreme Headquarters. Once housed at Fontainebleau, it has been shifted to a smaller building near Versailles. The American General Norstad presides

A PLAGUE OF PLANNERS

Paris has always been a cosmopolitan city but never on such a grand scale as today. The city is so full of cars with international licence-plates giving immunity to national law that it is surprising to find the disquieting parking working at all. There are many reasons given for so many international organizations springing up in Paris after the war. All are plausible. For example, the communications are good, the housing situation is not quite impossible, important embassies are already there . . . and so on. But the real reason is probably just that people want to live in Paris, especially the Americans—and, let's face it, it is they who put up most of the money. So the French capital and its environs are now overrun with planners, all attached to organizations with names that consist of rows of initials. On the military front, NATO and SHAPE. On the economic side, OEEC and ICAO (International Civil Aviation Organization). On the good works side, UNESCO and UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund). There are a few others too. But Parisians do not seem to mind. To them it all goes to confirm officially what they have long believed privately: that Paris is the centre of the world

NATO: Called OTAN on the Continent, this is the political nucleus of the Western alliance in the atomic age. Like UNESCO, it has a new building to itself (near the Porte Dauphine in the Bois de Boulogne), in effect a permanent secretariat

OEEC: The empty conference chamber at the Château de la Muette reflects the uncertain outlook for this offshoot of the Marshall Plan. Six of its members have set up a Common Market and seven others a Free Trade Area. So European Economic Co-operation seems to have gone off at a tangent



PHOTOS: ROGER HILL



VERDICTS

The play **Sam—The Highest Jumper Of Them All.** Theatre Royal, E. (Murray Melvin, Griffith Davies, Claire Isbister, Jean Conroy.)

The films **All The Fine Young Cannibals.** Director Michael Anderson. (Robert Wagner, Natalie Wood, Susan Kohner, George Hamilton, Pearl Bailey.)

Come Back Africa. Director Lionel Rogosin. (Miriam Makebe, Bloke Modisane, Lewis N'Kosi.)

The books **Houdini,** by William Lindsay Gresham (Gollancz, 21s.)

The Affair, by C. P. Snow (Macmillan, 18s.)

Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait, by Joseph Henry Steele (Allen, 21s.)

The Face Of Life (Max Parrish, 30s.)

Refugees, 1960, by Kay & Ronald Searle (Penguin, 2s. 6d.)

The records **Rushing Lullabies,** by Jimmy Rushing.

The Gershwin Song Book (Vols. 1 & 2) and Sweet Songs for Singers, by Ella Fitzgerald.

Great Songs From Hit Shows, by Sarah Vaughan.

Songs For Any Taste, by Mel Tormé.

Odds Against Tomorrow, by the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Historically Speaking, The Duke, by Duke Ellington.

The gallery **British Painting, 1730-1960.** Pushkin Museum, Moscow.



Come off it, Mr. Saroyan

MANY FANCY PORTRAITS HAVE BEEN drawn of a Shakespeare who wrote his plays of a morning on the stage of the Globe Theatre with Burbage and his company standing impatiently around, all in turn pestering him for slightly better speeches than he had given them. If anything like this ever happened, at least we know that the harassed author had usually the play he was re-writing at his elbow and was not inventing his story as he went along.

Mr. William Saroyan, the American short story writer and playwright, has gone one better than the imaginary Shakespeare. He is said to have improvised a stage story complete with dialogue for the actors of Theatre Workshop during the rehearsals, and certainly **Sam—The Highest Jumper Of Them All** has all the marks of having come about just like that. It is not a play. It is a kind of illustrated stage lecture on life as Mr. Saroyan has always seen it—that is as something that need not be quite

so grim and hard and unkind as it often looks if only some of us could be induced to subdue our sinful inclination to meanness and try to spread a little happiness about among our fellow creatures.

I confess to a sneaking fondness for Mr. Saroyan's work. He is a clever writer with a true vein of fancy, and in *My Heart's In The Highlands* and *The Time Of Your Life*, though both these plays have embarrassing touches of infantilism, the sentiment, though a little cloying, is not false. There breathes through them a genuine feeling for the legendary old America. It is out of a tradition of lovable vagrancy that he can still spring, taking dreams of a freedom with room for fun and frolic and folly and a little gentle wisdom.

But there is all the difference in the world between the deliberately arranged informality of these plays and an effort to reproduce this informality in an extemporary charade. For extemporary this working out of an entertainment in

the course of rehearsals essentially is. In addition Mr. Saroyan has made matters worse than they need have been by trying to produce his own improvisation. He has not a particularly strong sense of the natural relation of actors to their audience, and consequently he makes the Theatre Workshop company (so lively and flexible a group when handled by Miss Joan Littlewood) look stiff and wooden.

But the worst thing about this wholly unnecessary experiment is that what rings true in Mr. Saroyan's sentiment when it is adequately worked out in stage terms now sounds false. The rich, warm, human, tears-behind-the-smile American voice becomes thick with treacly sentimentality, and his funny ideas and airy waywardness are all but lost in the wastes of the repetitive and the pointless.

The fundamental idea of the story which is mangled by "improvisation" is not really a bad one. Sam is one of two bank clerks. Most of the bank's clients prefer to deal with him because he is a simple soul who loves his fellow men and delights to humour their eccentricities, while his colleague is wrapped up in his own woes. Sam gets knocked on the head in the course of a bank robbery.

He goes what the Establishment calls mad, and his madness takes the form of wanting to jump higher than anyone else in the world. This expression of *joie-de-vivre* is found extraordinarily exhilarating by the rest of the world and Sam becomes

rich and famous and isn't thought mad any more. But when he finds his *joie-de-vivre* used to advance causes like patriotism or politics which are to him so much nonsense he desists from his jumping and is happy to be regarded as mad again.

There are the makings of a pleasant fantasy in the idea, but they are swamped in talk—some of it good, some of it dull, but all of it lacking the discipline of real stage form. Mr. Murray Melvin and Mr. Griffith Davies are the two clerks and they do their best to bring them within the bounds of acting discipline.

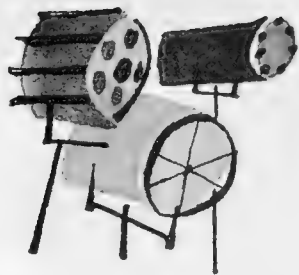


Sonia Weiss

OVERDRAFT UNLIKELY. *The applicant* (Jean Conroy) finds the sleek cashier (Murray Melvin) *unsympathetic*. Centre: *The customers' tousled darling* (Griffith Davies). From Mr. Saroyan's new play

CINÉMA

by Elspeth Grant



Broach the rat-poison, brother!

TRAILING CLOUDS OF TEDIUM AS they come from their Texan homes, *All The Fine Young Cannibals* seem to me, rich and poor alike, an ill-mannered, bone-selfish and stupid lot. They hate or despise their parents for no other reason than that they belong, as I believe is normally the case, to another generation. They suffer—not only from inflated egos, self-g, a lack of any sense of proportion, and a gift for making the pursuit of happiness a race that nobody can win.

Sara (Miss Natalie Wood) lives the wrong side of the tracks, is lapped with household drudgery and looking after her six little step-siblings and sisters: she calls her "Salome" and darkly hints that one of these days she will be in "big places." She's mad about Chad Bixby (Mr. Robert Wagner)—confirmed lay-about, with inbuilt roses and an acquired taste for alcohol and trumpet-playing.

Tony and Catherine McDowell (George Hamilton and Miss Joan Kohn), from the right side of the tracks, are the spoilt offspring of rich parents whom they hobnob and patronize with nauseating bomb. Tony has a high old time at Yale—sex-crazy Catherine is reduced to sobs at boarding-school.

Having defied her puritanical father and spent a night out with Chad at a dingy Dallas dive and in the neighbouring woods, Sara finds herself pregnant. She doesn't want

to marry Chad because he has no money except 20 dollars given him by his widowed mother when she decided, in despair, to cut him adrift. Snatching her lover's small capital from him, Sara boards a train, heading for nowhere in particular.

It is her good fortune that Tony, returning to college after a holiday that has been one long yawn, is on the same train. He picks her up and, presumably as a great lark, marries her. They live in the luxury Sara has always craved. While Tony is looking forward to being a proud father (he, of course, knows nothing of Chad), they are joined by Catherine, who has run away from boarding school. She hates Sara on sight and determines to break up the marriage.

Meantime Chad, seeking solace at his favourite haunt, meets a once-famous coloured singer, Ruby Jones (played by that beautiful artist, Miss Pearl Bailey). She is drinking herself to death over a love affair that went wrong—but pauses long enough on the road to ruin to launch Chad as a professional trumpet-player. By the time Sara's baby is born, he is the rage of New York: so then Sara tracks him down.

He is livid that she has married Tony—and, out of pure spite, he marries Catherine. Now everybody's miserable—slashing about with riding crops, attempting suicide and taking to the bottle in a big way. At this juncture one visualizes

the scriptwriter wondering what the dickens else he can do with these wretched characters. My advice would be "Broach the rat-poison, brother—and let that be the last of them!" but he obviously has a kinder heart: patiently he fumbles away in a vain attempt to bring about a happy ending—as if anybody could possibly be interested.

Mr. Michael Anderson (who so successfully directed *The Wreck Of The Mary Deare*) struggles valiantly to give the thing conviction and charm but is foiled at every point but one: the transition from mourning to rejoicing at the funeral of Ruby Jones is most felicitously handled and rings true.

Mr. Lionel Rogosin's *Come Back Africa*, secretly made over a year ago in Johannesburg and the grim suburb of Sophiatown (now destroyed), claims to be the first authentic cinematic record of apartheid. It is a disturbing and moving piece of work, showing how violence is born of poverty and frustration—violence between black and black as well as between black and white. According to Mr. Bloke Modisane, an African journalist who collaborated on the film, Mr. Rogosin, an American, spent a year in and around Johannesburg studying his subject and listening to the Africans' views: the dialogue of his African characters is not scripted—he lets them speak for themselves.

Zacharia, a simple man from Zululand, is driven by famine to take work in the gold mines near Johannesburg. He finds it hard to live on his pay—which we are given to understand is £4 a month. His contract with the mines completed, he finds things even harder until he is given temporary permission to take a job in the city.

Knowing nothing of city ways or of the laws (some unwritten) he must observe, he takes any job that comes his way—as a domestic servant, a garage hand, a waiter and a labourer on the roads he tries to make good but fails through

his own ignorance or a lack of understanding on the part of his white employers. Not all of these are harsh: a hotel proprietor is, in fact, genuinely sorry at having to dismiss him.

He is taken by friends to a shebeen where, over their illicit liquor, the African intellectuals talk and talk. Zacharia is bewildered—all he wants is to earn a living. An inoffensive man, he is attacked by Marumu, leader of a gang of hoodlums, whose hatred he arouses by fighting back.

His wife comes from the country to join him in Sophiatown. She takes a job as a servant. He is not allowed in her quarters at the house where she works—but one night he goes to her there. He is arrested by the police. While he is in prison Marumu assaults and kills his wife. The film ends harrowingly in Zacharia's pitifully inarticulate outburst of despair.

The squalor of Sophiatown is appalling, the scenes in the mines have a nightmare quality and there is deep pathos in the way the Africans seek their own amusement—singing, piping and dancing in the streets while the white people look curiously on. Certainly a disturbing film.



SEDUCTION IN THE SHEBEEN. The countryman Zacharia encounters urban sophistication in a drinking den, when the hostess Hazel starts to flatter him. From *Come Back Africa*



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

BOOKS

by Siriol Hugh-Jones



Houdini's secret is safe with me

NOTHING AFFORDS ME PURER, simpler pleasure than a lady sawn daintily in two, a skyful of doves pulled from a dinner-jacket pocket, or a bowl crammed with goldfish magicked out of thin air by a man who has just turned a triple somersault. The mere thought of a rabbit in a top hat is enough to make me turn pale, and though kindly magicians have shaken down whole sleeve-loads of mixed small change in a patient effort to make me understand the elementary first principles of the business, my credulity is so far wholly unimpaired.

Houdini, by William Lindsay Gresham, was therefore a book of poignant fascination for me. There have been some faint complaining noises, from those who like to preserve their innocence, on the grounds that the book gives away the trade secrets of how America's Mysteriarch and Handcuff King burrowed his way out of so many

boxes and safes and coffins and little Houdini-sized tanks full of water, but as far as I was concerned the explanations were even more baffling than the feats themselves. As in the matter of the deep blank that falls on the mind during introductions at a cocktail party, my understanding falls resolutely short. For me, Houdini swallowed three packs of needles and a few miles of thread and courteously regurgitated the whole hearty meal with all the needles neatly threaded; and jolly good luck too.

The book has many a photograph of the tiny wizard encumbered by a great deal of ironmongery, and tenderly pinioned from behind by the loving hands of his mother and his wife, which is perhaps what gave him the whole notion in the first place. Escapologists are not particularly soothing to read about, and Mr. Gresham skids lightly past the whole question of why a man

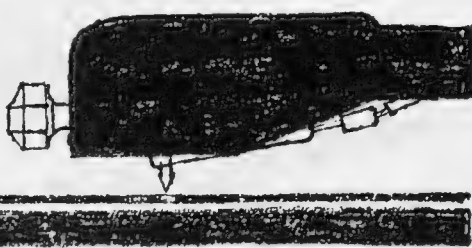
should make a life-time's study of how to load himself down with handcuffs while thousands cheer. Advanced claustrophobes will have to skip some sections of the book altogether. I am not sure I was altogether happy with some of the rolling splendours of Mr. Gresham's style, which runs to "Verily, that was magic," and "Police were of the opinion that the Grim Reaper had finally cut down the escape artist," but perhaps, or indeed verily, one cannot have everything.

The novels of Sir Charles Snow affect me with a steadily growing sensation of guilt and bafflement. All around me there are hosts of Snow-men who can easily grasp the significance of the enormous *Strangers and Brothers* structure as an examination of the Establishment, an analysis of power, or an evaluation of the position of the scientist in the pattern of contemporary life, and can with the utmost ease sort out one novel from its neighbour in time. And even I can see that **The Affair**, with its complex college politics and its scientist believed guilty of faking his evidence, has an admirable and superbly watertight plot. Through Sir Charles's sentences and paragraphs I stumble on, a persevering but sleep-walking Lady Macbeth, whose eyes were open but their sense was shut. Any muddlehead beguiled by the title into believing this book to be some frivolous little thing about profane love will probably be quickly disabused by the jacket, which shows a glum and to me inexplicable ghost-head by

that fine painter Sydney Nolan. Briefly... I take Mr. Joseph Henry Steele, author of **Ingrid Bergman, an Intimate Portrait**, to be a sort of very grand publicity agent. Miss Bergman is clearly a remarkable lady who has seen a deal of trouble in her time, and if she is not to be her own autobiographer, maybe the best way to make a book about her would have been to plan it as a pictures-and-captions document of her career to date and forget all about being so intimate. As it is, I had a constant and uncomfortable sensation of barging my way into private rooms without knocking. . . . **The Face Of Life** is a book of photographs chosen by *The Observer*, and seemed to me to be still very much under the old *Family Of Man* influence. I find one-man photograph books easier to take than anthologies, and in spite of the excellence of some of these pictures I was driven mad with rage at having to cross-check perpetually with the contents-list for caption and credit. . . . All proceeds from Kaye and Ronald Searle's **Refugees, 1960**, go to World Refugee Year funds. The book is a report on a tour of refugee camps which Mr. and Mrs. Searle made last year. It is a shattering document, the more so for being presented in a level tone of voice (the text especially of such a book presents fearful problems, and I think done with great correctness and simplicity). One of the most important things to be said about the book is straightforward and brief: buy it.

RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

Ella sings *all* the words

ELLA FITZGERALD APPEARS IN THE latest lists with the first two (of five) LP albums devoted to the works of George and Ira Gershwin (CSD1292/3). Her immaculate interpretations are notable for the frequent inclusion of the verses, so seldom heard in these days of streamlined versions of the choruses alone. Another of her swinging eulogies, **Sweet songs for swingers** (CLP1322), has spent more than its fair share of time on my turntable. Her immediate rival in the world of songs with a beat is Sarah Vaughan,

whose prominent vibrato style makes a strong contrast against Ella's mellow voice. Miss Vaughan contributes two volumes of **Great songs from hit shows** (CMS18019 and 18023), in which I have only heard of half the titles. Her performances are marred by the cloying strings which accompany her.

The beat comes in with a bang as Mel Tormé opens his lively cabaret show **Songs for any taste** (PMC1114). Without the advantage of Sinatra's sensuous voice, he matches that artist's swinging vitality, takes off

on a long limb in the cause of jazz, and underlines the whole with a wry sense of humour. Remember what I said before about cloying strings—then listen to the biting Marty Paich backing on this album.

A group title such as the Modern Jazz Quartet apparently entitles them to commit musical anarchy. Excerpts from leader John Lewis's full-blown orchestral score to the film **Odds against tomorrow** (LTZ-T15181) sound absurd when reduced to the slender instrumentation of his quartet; the pieces themselves have little or no relation to jazz, with the exception of one "blues" track. Milt Jackson's vibraphone dominates the session.

I would be failing in my duty if I did not tell you about the most important jazz released on record every month. Inevitably some artists produce more than others, so I try to vary my choices from week to week at the expense of giving full credit to the most prolific performers. For instance, I have so often sung the praises of Jimmy Rushing as an up-to-date blues singer that I shall do no more than mention that his **Rushing**

lullabies (BB17360) is the best album he has made in five years. The accompaniment alone would justify its place in my shelves.

For sheer impact of music you should hear an important record by Duke Ellington, **Historically speaking** (PMC1116), reissued as a result of the transfer of the Bethlehem catalogue rights in England. These twelve titles, recorded in 1956, are pieces from much earlier periods in Duke's life. It would be foolish and unwise for me to find fault with this repertoire.

The only point open for debate is whether the band (of 1956 vintage) is qualified to reproduce or to attempt to improve on the pattern and thoughts of those legendary deities who occupied the same positions in Duke's employ anything up to 30 years previously. I feel that the policy is justified, on the grounds that the voicing of the band has changed, and the soloists have new things to say. Readers who suffer from nostalgia might do well to avoid this slightly controversial piece, but for the majority it will provide new insight into old material.



Mirabelle Restaurant

56 CURZON STREET, LONDON, W.1

FINEST CUISINE AND CELLAR

*Special facilities for banquets, receptions, etc.
Garden Restaurant during Summer Months.
Cocktail Bar open from 5.30 p.m.*

TABLE RESERVATIONS • GROSVENOR 4636



*Entrance
to Luxury*

Beyond the beautiful glass doors of the modern May Fair the discriminating guest discovers an atmosphere of palatial grandeur. Luxurious yet restrained, distinguished yet relaxing, the new May Fair further establishes its claim to being London's finest hotel. The service is, as always, incomparable, its reputation for comfort never more deserving than today. The May Fair still provides the perfect background for the private guest, or for conferences and functions of any size. It is also the home of restaurants of international repute.

LE CHATEAUBRIAND RESTAURANT
for truly outstanding cuisine and
exquisite wines in the grand manner.

THE CANDLE LIGHT ROOM
for dining, dancing and
cabaret in a unique and
enchanting setting.

THE MAY FAIR BAR
"the most fabulous
cocktail lounge in
the world".



Opening in June THE BEACHCOMBER Europe's first authentic Polynesian restaurant.

May Fair Hotel

BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON W.1. Telephone: MAYfair 7777

Under the same direction:

HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO • THE GROSVENOR HOTEL, LONDON S.W.1

BROMPTON GRILL

UNDER THE PERSONAL
SUPERVISION OF

Nicolas Karonias

Member of THE INTERNATIONAL
EPICUREAN CIRCLE)

Lunch • Dinner • Supper

Open Sunday from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m.

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

243 BROMPTON RD., S.W.3

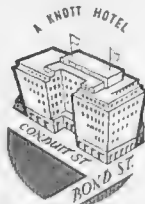
Facing Brompton Oratory

LEN 8005 KEN 2129

"The Westbury is the West End"

Meet in The Westbury's famed Polo Bar—Dine well in The Westbury Restaurant (open 6.30—11.30).

For Private Functions there is nowhere smarter than The Westbury's suite of air-conditioned Reception Rooms—for cocktail parties, dinners, top-level conferences . . . for gracious living in London's Centre.



the Westbury

BOND STREET

Telephone: MAYfair 7755

*After dining at ALBERT one
feels at Peace with all the
World*

Robin Douglas

RESTAURANT ALBERT

53-55 Beak Street, Regent
Street, W.1

<>>

CUISINE BOURGEOISE

under personal supervision of
MONSIEUR ALBERT

<>>

LUNCH 3 Course 7s. 6d.
DINNER 4 .. 10s. 6d.

Also A La Carte specialities
Facilities for parties up to 50

<>>

Licensed till midnight
Reservations up to 10.30 p.m.
GERrard 1296

FOR BEST CURRY IN LONDON

VISIT

FIRDOSHI

(JAMSHID'S)

FULLY LICENSED

22 CRANBOURN STREET
LEICESTER SQ. • W.C.2

COV 0509 TEM 5936

OPEN WEEK DAYS

12 noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11.45 p.m.

Sun. & Hols. closed

EXQUISITE PARTY AND CONFERENCE ROOMS

*For a pleasant evening
with good food and dancing*



Hatchetts • Piccadilly

DINNER DANCE: 8 p.m.—1.30 a.m. (12.30 a.m., Saturday)

THEATRE DINNERS: 6 p.m.—8 a.m.

LUNCHEONS: 12 noon—3 p.m. Reservations: HYDe Park 1804

GALLERIES

by Alan
Roberts

To Russia with love—I suppose

WHEN THE BRITISH COUNCIL announced in London and Moscow a few weeks ago that they were sending an exhibition of British painting to the U.S.S.R. I had a letter from my pen friend, Pidliasky, in Moscow excitedly asking for more details. Like all Russian intellectuals Pidliasky is terribly interested in everything British.

He is a designer of sanitary equipment and also art critic of his factory's newspaper. Naturally, therefore, his interest in the B.C.'s exhibition is much above the average even of intellectuals. And naturally he wanted to know what pictures we were sending to his country so that he could "gen up" on the artists represented.

It seemed a reasonable request and I passed it on to the Council. I was confident that they would do everything to help me foster

friendly relations with Soviet plumbing. I was wrong.

They told me only what I already knew—that the exhibition consists of 141 paintings covering the period 1730-1960, that its value for insurance purposes is over £1½ million, that after the showing at the Pushkin Museum it will move to the Hermitage at Leningrad, and that the pictures have been borrowed from public and private collections. No names of artists or titles of pictures would be made available until the exhibition opened on 4 May.

What was I to tell poor Pidliasky? Obviously I had to send him something, so I made a list of what I thought ought to be included in such an exhibition. It was a long list and I did not keep a copy, but I remember that it started with Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough,

Constable, Turner, went on to include some Pre-Raphaelites, Frith's *Derby Day* and Lord Leighton's *Bath Of Psyche*, and ended with Bratby, Bacon, Sutherland and Ben Nicholson.

I included reproductions of as many of the pictures as I could muster and Pidliasky was overwhelmed. "Dear Sir Roberts," he wrote, "I am thanking me much much on your behalf for that you sent me all this paintings off Briton. . . ."

There followed many shrewd observations which have troubled me greatly ever since, betraying as they did an erudition that must be unique among sanitary engineers anywhere in the world. Also enclosed was a cutting from Pidliasky's article in the factory newspaper which I managed to translate. It was titled *An Important Exhibition* and continued as follows:

"Arrangements are being made for comrades to attend the exhibition of Paintings from Britain at the Pushkin Museum next month. Attendance is not compulsory but it is felt that all comrades will wish to avail themselves of this opportunity since the exhibition has a direct bearing on the sanitary engineering industry. The superiority of Soviet plumbing will be immediately apparent to any comrade examining the pictures of Mr. John Bratby, an Associate of the

Royal Academy, London's *avant-garde* art club, who has made a speciality of featuring wash basins, sinks and other sanitary ware in his work. Indeed, it may be said that the kitchen sink is his 'signature' as a cucumber was that of the Venetian Carlo Crivelli and a butterfly that of the American Whistler. It is particularly interesting to note that all Mr. Bratby's sinks have the unhygienic U-type waste pipes that were condemned by Comrade Lenin in his speech to the First All-Soviet Conference of Sanitary Cadres in 1922 and are now obsolete in our country. But if we compare Mr. Bratby's *View From My Kitchen* with Mr. Lord Leighton's *Bath Of Psyche* we see immediately the vast gap that separates the toilet amenities of the workers from those of the rich in a bourgeois democracy. For the one there are U-type outlets, for the other gold plated inlets, sunken marble baths reminiscent of Roman decadence, and constant hot water even in the flushing system. Gold plated ballcocks, too, are not unknown."

This is all very embarrassing for me because I only included *The Bath Of Psyche* for fun. But really it is all the British Council's fault. Why couldn't they have told us what was in the show? For it is our money they are spending and mostly our pictures they are sending.



KNIGHTSBRIDGE GRILLE

CONTINENTAL SPECIALITIES

Dishes to Delight the Gourmet

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE

Personally supervised
by

Fernando

KNIGHTSBRIDGE GRILLE

171 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. KENSington 0824

"Right in the heart of London and Theatreland"

HONG KONG Emporium

53 Rupert Street
London, W.1

GER 8272

Open daily 9.30-6 p.m.
(Early closing 1 p.m.
Thursday)



Chinese merchandise
of all kinds

HONG KONG Restaurant

58-60 Shaftesbury
Avenue
London, W.1

GER 6847

Fully Licensed

Open daily
noon-midnight
(Sundays to 11 p.m.)

LUNCH AND DINE AT—

VERREY'S

in an atmosphere of comfort and good taste. Fully licensed, it is the ideal place when eating out in town—just like a Parisian Bar/Grill.

OPEN TILL
MIDNIGHT
DINNER or SUPPER
15/- for 4 courses
80 dishes to choose
from or a la carte

233 REGENT STREET, W.1. REGent 4495
(1 minute from Oxford Circus and Palladium)
Ample parking facilities—no lights

MAJORCA

SPANISH RESTAURANT

66 Brewer St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1
GER 6803/6776



SHERRY LOUNGE

Spanish and South American
Specialities

Famous for its Arroz con Pollo

Fully Licensed

Lunch - - - 12 to 3 p.m.
Dinner - - - 6 to 11 p.m.

Luncheons, Dinners & Suppers

GALE'S

13 Percy Street, W.1

MUS. 4804

Under the personal direction of
Tommy Gale

Theatre Dinners from 6.30 p.m.

SPECIALY SHIPPED FINE WINES

Closed Sundays

THE PASTORIA RESTAURANT

Personally run by the
Pastori family

PARTICULARLY POPULAR
WITH
BUSINESS EXECUTIVES
AND
FILM AND THEATRE
PERSONALITIES

St. Martin's Street, W.C.2
(Near Leicester Square)
Telephone: WHI 8641

London's Leading ITALIAN RESTAURANT

BRUSA'S

50 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2

TEM 1913

Open noon-midnight
Theatre Dinners and Suppers

le petit montmartre
15 marylebone lane w.1

OPEN SUNDAY EVENING

VINCENT'S SPECIALITIES:
CASSOULET
ESCARGOTS EN SURPRISE
CRÊPE NORMANDE FLAMBÉE
BOUILLABaisse—FRIDAYS



montmartre in marylebone

Visit this little Auberge
off Wigmore Street.
Very excellent and reasonable
Wine List

JOHNNY FORD & his Guitar Nightly
Lunch des Gastronomes 15/6.
Easy Parking evenings.
Reservations: WEL 2992

The Gay Hussar
RESTAURANT

the best Hungarian
cooking in London

—John Baker White

2 GREEK STREET
LONDON W1
GERrard 0973

Fu Tong
RESTAURANT

PERFECTION IN ORIENTAL
CUISINE, EXQUISITELY SERVED
LUXURY SURROUNDINGS

29 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8
(opposite Kensington Palace Gardens)

Open every day including
Sunday until 11.30 p.m.
[Fully Licensed]

Reservations: WEStern 1293/8443

**AU JARDIN
DES
GOURMETS**
Restaurant Français

Under the management of the Proprietors
A. ANDRE M. RICHIER

Orders taken 12.30 to 2.45 and 7 to 11 p.m.
This establishment is not open on Sundays

Reputed for its Wines and old
style French Cuisine

5 GREEK STREET, W.1
Telephones: GERrard 1816 & 4839

CROWN LUGGAGE



Circumstances alter cases...

(very much for the better...)

What circumstances? Well, air travel to begin with. Nowadays, lbs cost £s. Luggage must be light. And Crown Luggage is (yet strong withal: read on) Then there's the little matter of technology—new ideas, new materials. Today we have FIBREGLASS and laminates and pvc—each with its obliging characteristic. *Marvellous!* But best of all, luggage has become fashion conscious, Crown Luggage, anyhow. So it all amounts to lighter, stronger, easier-to-clean luggage... to subtle shapes and colours... to luggage that's as high-fashion as you are. *Formidable!*

Let's get down to cases...

Longlife-FIBREGLASS Cases
Flight-tested via B.O.A.C. Strengthened with FIBREGLASS yarns. Fairy light. Giant strong. Fashion shades of Off-white, Havana, Florentine Blue—all washable. Prices from 72/6 to £6.19.6. Man's 2-suit £7.15.0.

CROWN LUGGAGE - AT ALL GOOD LUGGAGE STORES AND SHOPS NOW

1926 1960

LEONI'S

QUO VADIS RESTAURANT

of whose personal attention you are assured
OPEN DAILY Sundays Dinner Only

"LEONI! I know of no better place in the world to dine or lunch, than the Quo Vadis Restaurant. (Evelyn Laye)

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS

A book of Leoni's recipes of specialities will be sent free on application

26-28 DEAN STREET, SOHO LONDON, W.1

Telephone: GERrard 9585, 4809

Leoni recommends Quo Vadis New York: 26 East 63rd Street. Props: Bruno and Gino

CHEZ



BAR-RESTAURANT

CUISINE BOURGEOISE FRANCAISE

OUVERT JUSQU'A MINUIT
FERME LE DIMANCHE

English Spoken

11 HARRINGTON GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.7
FREmanile 4477-0177

SCAMPI • OYSTERS • SALMON

GARNERS

RESTAURANT

**FAMOUS FOR
London's Finest
SEAFOODS
AND
STEAKS**

27 Wardour St.,
Leicester Sq., W.1, Ger. 1287.

DOVER SOLES • TROUT • HALIBUT

ADVANCES

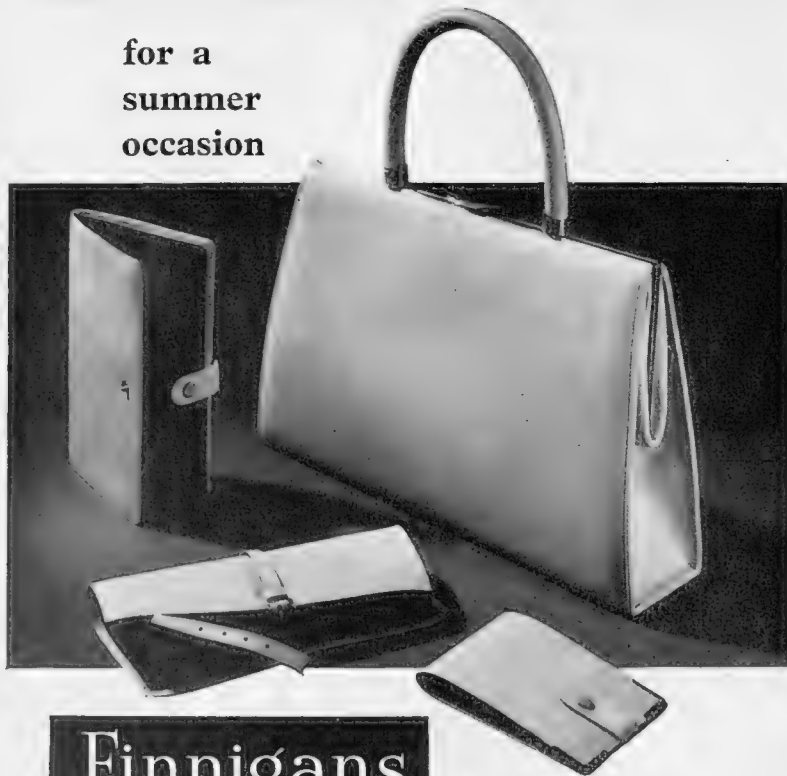
£50—£10,000
Without Security

THE
EDGWARE TRUST
LTD

28 Mount Street
Park Lane, London, W.1

Telephones:
MAYfair 0751 & HYDe Park 6452

for a
summer
occasion



Finnigans

Luxan Hide Passport Case with red leather interior. Price £4.12.6.
Also made in Red and Blue Morocco.

Luxan Hide Jewel Roll with red suede interior. Four zip pockets. Price £4.10.0.

Smart Luxan Handbag. Price £7.2.6.
Also made in black calf. Price £12.7.6

Luxan Hide Cheque Book Cover with 2 Silver Gilt corners. Price £1.6.6.
Also in red and black Morocco. Price £1.5.6.

FINNIGANS, 27 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tele.: Mayfair 4711
and at their delightful Countryside Store at
WILMSLOW, CHESHIRE. Tele.: Wilmslow 5381



Bronnley

SOAP

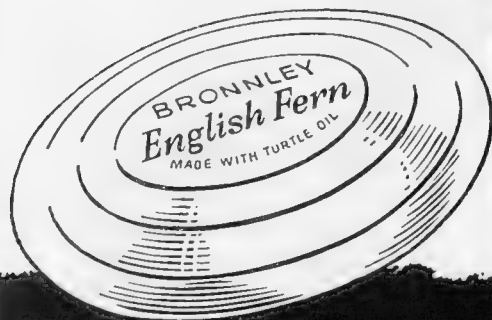
made with
TURTLE OIL



A rich lathering soap made with Turtle Oil to nourish your skin and help it to retain its bloom and suppleness.

It comes in true perfumes of:
Lavender, Santal, Verbena, Mimosa, Carnation, Wallflower, English Fern, English Geranium.

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.3



MOTORING

Come-back for mudlarks

by GORDON WILKINS

THE PALE SUNLIGHT OF AN ENGLISH spring morning dapples the countryside as a strange collection of vehicles converges on the car park of a country pub. Expensive sports cars and even an occasional Rolls-Royce or Bentley arrive towing trailers on which are strange, small, high-built cars with the maximum of ground clearance and the minimum of bodywork. Other cars arrive on trucks, still more under their own power. Drivers and passengers pull on warm and colourful woollens and add waterproof overalls if rain threatens, for the only weather protection on each car is a small plastic windscreen. Soon a procession of these stripped-down baby cars drives into a nearby stretch of woodland where a series of near-impossible climbs has been marked out with tapes and flags over the mud, the leaf mould, the rocks and tree roots of the steep hillside. Another reliability trial has begun.

It was not always like this. The reliability trial was one of the earliest forms of motor sport, originating in the pioneer days when simply travelling from place to place by road was an adventure and to arrive was an achievement. So began the three great long-distance trials of the Motor Cycling Club, the London-Exeter, the London-Land's End and the London-Edinburgh, which attracted hundreds of entries. As cars improved and the number of trials increased, the routes left the main roads for country by-ways where there were more difficult hills. The family cars dropped out and the entries were composed mostly of sports cars. To find obstacles that would stop them, the clubs routed the trials through streams and up boulder-strewn hillsides, but with their special knobby tyres the cars kept going.

In a country where racing and speed hill climbs on public highways were illegal, trials became the national form of motor sport. One of the great periods in trials sport was 1935 to 1939 when many works teams fought it out over different courses almost every winter weekend.

Shortly before the war, S. H. Allard built a car with a modified Ford V8 chassis on which he mounted a two-seater body from an old Bugatti, and so created the first Allard Special. Other competitors ordered cars from him and some built their own V8 Specials. The U.S. engines' enormous power,

transmitted through great tyres with tractor-like treads, would dig through the mud to find the hard core beneath.

In 1939 the war stopped all this and when peace returned an entirely different situation existed. With the rubber shortage came the standard tyre rule and the reign of tiny lightweight cars usually driven by side valve Ford Anglia engines. Driving these, the late Ken Wharton swiftly emerged as the new trials champion. He was an artist at coaxing his little steeds up hills, over rocks and tree roots and through slippery quagmires.

Ten years ago, the boom in British motor racing started a decline in trials. Sports car owners, unable to compete successfully against the trials specials, turned to rallies or to club racing on Britain's new race circuits. Car constructors concentrated on Formula 8 and sports racing cars. Some of the classic trial events attracted only a dozen or so entries. But interest is reviving and 50 or 60 starters now gather to fight their way up the muddy, rutted hillsides.

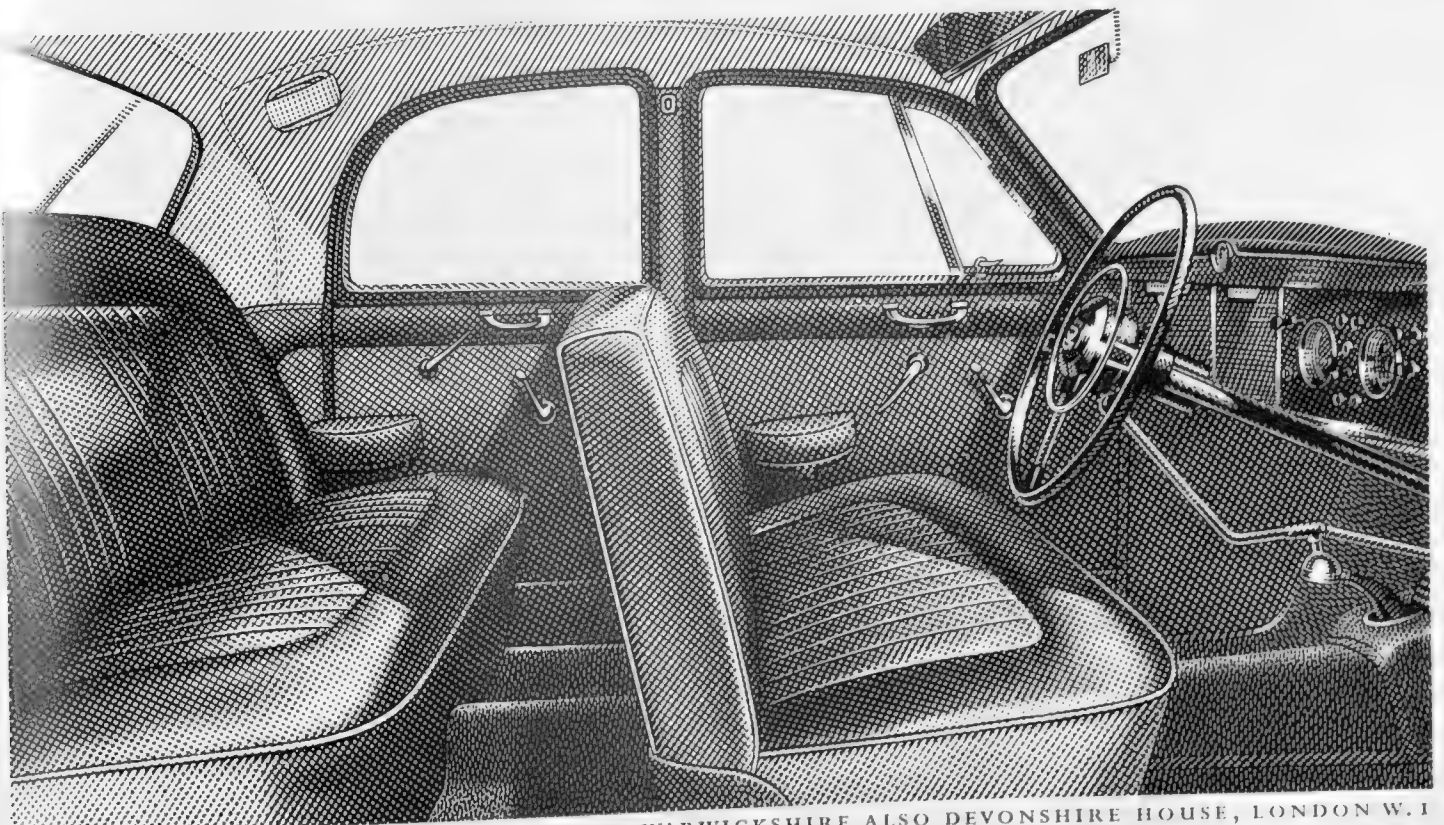
The pattern of the modern trial was established in the special events organized for television. Trials cars now do the minimum of road motoring and the day's sport is concentrated on two or three slippery hillsides where the organizers have marked out tortuous paths which prevent a car ever getting up enough speed to storm its way to the top. The driver has to rely on quick reactions and sensitive throttle control to exploit every trace of wheel grip. If he fails on the climb and starts sliding backwards with all wheels locked he learns plenty about controlling cars in odd attitudes.

Trials are one of the last strongholds of the amateur in motor sport. The cars are cheap to build and they can also be used for Autocross, the mud man's speed sport. New drivers find trials a not-too-costly way of learning complete mastery of a motor vehicle. Famous names compete to keep their hands in like Cuth Harrison and his sons, members of the Ford team in international rallies, who run a family team of three trials cars. Girls rarely appear as drivers, but they form a large proportion of the passengers. Whichever branch of the sport you aspire to take up eventually, those mornings spent on muddy hillsides can teach you something useful.



The new **ROVER 80**

This—a more powerful successor to the Rover 60—has the new Rover 4-cylinder, $2\frac{1}{4}$ -litre engine. All-round performance has been substantially improved. Like its predecessor, the '80' is a remarkably capable, even-tempered car with a strong appeal for those who seek really comfortable, reliable family motoring. Front wheel disc brakes and overdrive are standard equipment. Price £1365.7.6 (inc. P.T.).



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON W.1

DINING IN



The code Napoleon

by HELEN BURKE

LOOKING UP MY SPECIAL LUNCHEON and dinner dishes for this year's French Fortnight (to 6 May) I came across *Poulet Marengo*, which I had long forgotten, mainly because even the comparatively little olive oil used in the cooking spoiled the flavour of the bird for me. But now, with almost tasteless corn oil again available, I plan to have it again. Originally the dish was a makeshift one, produced by Napoleon's chef after the battle of Marengo.

It is basically a simple dish but, over the years, chefs have elaborated it, adding such garnishes as heart-shaped pieces of bread fried in butter, fried eggs and even crayfish cooked in *court bouillon*. None of these is in the following recipe:

For six persons, have two 2-lb. chickens each cut into 2 drumsticks, 2 thighs, 2 wing portions and 2

breasts. Put the carcasses and giblets into a pot with the usual *bouquet garni*, a sliced carrot and onion and seasoning to taste. Well cover with water, bring to the boil and simmer for stock.

Meanwhile, dust the chicken pieces with pepper and salt and fry them to a golden brown all over in 3 to 4 tablespoons corn oil. Remove and keep hot. Pour off any oil from the pan. Add to the pan 1 oz. butter and blend a level dessert-spoon of cornflour into it. Add 2 to 3 good-sized, chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes (or a dessert-spoon of tubed tomato *purée* blended with 6 tablespoons chicken stock), the juice from a clove of garlic squeezed through a press (if liked) and a small glass of dry white wine. Stir for a few minutes over a low heat.

Add the chicken pieces, cover and cook very gently for 30 minutes. Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. quartered smallish mushrooms, cover again and simmer for another 10 minutes. Add a little more chicken stock, if necessary.

French onion soup, to me, means adding a clear *consommé* or even water to finely chopped onions which have been so gently cooked in butter as to be translucent and barely coloured. Some people add a sprinkling of flour to the cooked onions, but that is a matter of taste.

Less known, but pleasant and most useful when there is a stock of milk in the refrigerator, is cream of onion soup. The recipe is a simple one. For 4 to 6 servings, very finely chop $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mild onions. Gently cook them, covered, in 2 oz. butter over a low heat until they are clear but not coloured. Away from the heat, work in a level tablespoon of cornflour and slowly add 2 pints cooled, scalded milk. Season to taste. Cover and cook for 15 to 20 minutes.

Beat together 2 egg yolks and 3 to 4 tablespoons double cream. Blend several tablespoons of the soup into them, then add the mixture to the soup. Taste and season further, if required.

Have ready 4 to 6 slices of French bread or dinner rolls, dried in the oven to a pale gold. Place

them in the tureen or individual pots and pour the soup over them. At once, they will float. Sprinkle them with a mixture of grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese and slip under a hot grill to brown.

I know of no better sweet than chocolate *mousse*. It is one of my standbys when I have a meal whose main course requires special attention. It can be made an hour in advance and will be set and ready if placed in the refrigerator.

For 6 to 8 portions, break 8 oz. best quality bitter chocolate into a basin or double saucepan. Stand it over hot water, and in a matter of a few minutes the chocolate will soften. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons tepid water, 1 teaspoon caster or icing sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. unsalted butter and work all together with a whisk.

Leave to cool a little then add 6 egg yolks, one at a time, beating each well in before adding the next. Add, too, a tablespoon of brandy. Whisk the egg whites stiffly and fold them in until the *mousse* is smooth. Turn into 6 to 8 glasses and leave in a cold place to set.

Before serving, place several "crumbs" of chopped blanched pistachios on the centre of each portion, or use finely chopped crystallized orange peel instead. In this case, use an orange-flavoured liqueur such as Grand Marnier instead of the brandy.

GONZALEZ BYASS

famous TIO PEPE SHERRY

This wonderful wine, the finest driest Sherry that Spain produces, is on sale everywhere. Smooth to the palate with superb bouquet, it is known the world over—as are the other distinguished Sherries of the Gonzalez Byass family.



CREMA
cream sherry
The richest and smoothest of dessert sherries.



ROSA
A full-bodied Amontillado of medium dryness. Fine, yet subtly rounded.



NECTAR
A dry Oloroso that you can serve with confidence at any time of day.



GEM RINGS BY BENSON

Diamonds and Sapphires £52. 10. 0

Diamonds £60. 0. 0

Sapphire and Diamonds £1/2 0. 0

Diamonds £75. 0. 0

Diamond £100

Diamonds £120

Illustrated catalogue
available on request

J.W. BENSON LTD

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W1



LANCÔME

Paris

Perfumes

Make-up

Skin-care

FRENCH-SEASON





RENAULT DAUPHINE

RENAULT LTD.
WESTERN AVENUE, LONDON, W.3.
SHOWROOMS: 54, BROMPTON RD., SW.3.



47 mpg.

TAXI TYPE
TURNING
CIRCLE

Fitted Heater
and
De-Mister

AEROSTABLE
SUSPENSION

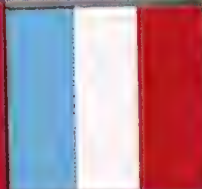


Just like riding on a cloud

7 SPARKLING COLOURS



OUTRIGHT WINNER!
MONTE CARLO RALLY 1958
ALPINE RALLY 1959



ASTROP



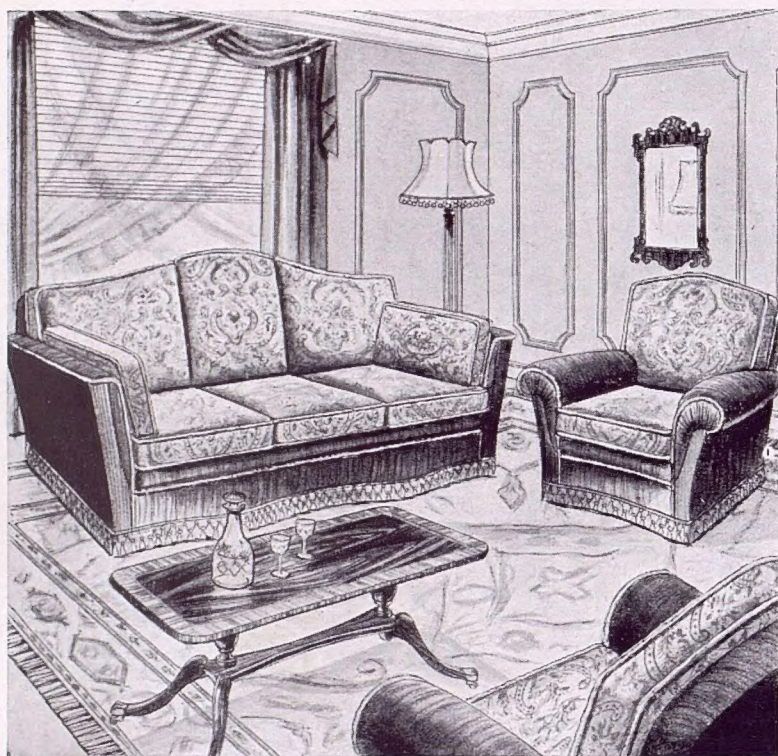
*Give way to the new
enchantment of colour-magic
BRI-NYLON^{*} lingerie!*

In BRI-NYLON^{*} lingerie for Spring, colour takes total charge. Vivid. Vibrant. Beaming. Beckoning. Escape it never! Match the new exuberance of the dress fabrics. Yield to fashion's oriental mood. The new BRI-NYLON^{*} lingerie is a-swim with colour. Oceans of it. Plunge!

^{*}
BRI-NYLON

for the best in nylon

*Elegance
and comfort*



begin at

MAPLES

... the largest and finest furnishing house in the world. Its reputation and success rest firmly on the value and quality of the merchandise it offers to discriminating home lovers.

In Maple's spacious new showrooms, planned to make your shopping leisurely and untiring, you can choose everything for your home.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD · LONDON · W1

Nearest Stations: Warren Street and Euston Square
Tel: EUSTON 7000 · London Showrooms open every Thursday until 7 p.m. · Free Garage · Free Delivery in England and Wales · Send for Free illustrated catalogue

Branches at: BIRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH
BRIGHTON · BRISTOL · LEEDS · LEICESTER
EXETER (Mark Rowe) · NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE (Robsons) · IPSWICH Frasers (Maple) · LIVERPOOL (Ray & Miles) · NOTTINGHAM (Henry Barker Smart & Brown)

M639a

Allen Solly



BRI-LON

One of the lovely Norman Hartnell designs.

About 59/6

BRI-LON

IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD

Tell me Doctor!



"WHY do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"WELL, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and, above all, must keep them hygienic."

"There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children.

A kinder soap, a better soap.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR TOILET SOAP

The Golden Tablet in
Bath and Toilet Sizes

A Swimming Pool?
Why not

FOR
EXHILARATING RELAXATION

RUTHERFORD
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LIMITED

Details from
**BATTLE
SUSSEX**

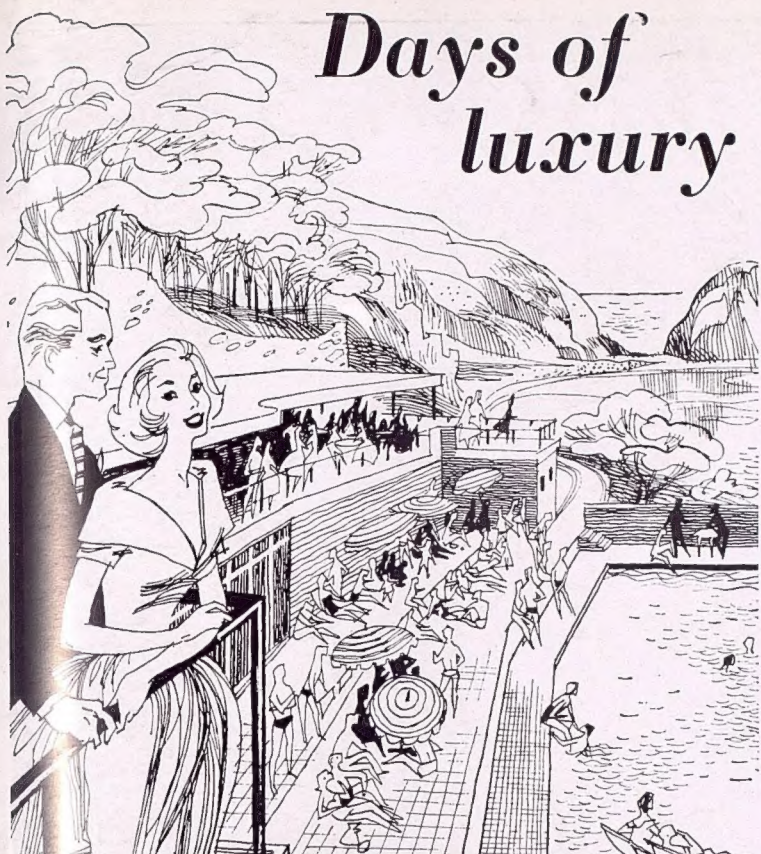
PHONE
BATTLE
468/9



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade: or

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. April 27, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © 1960 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Days of luxury



THE **Imperial Hotel**
TORQUAY
THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

CHAMPAGNE
MERCIER

... for over a century
the hall-mark
of distinguished taste.

Jarvis, Halliday & Company Ltd.,
62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

CHAMPAGNE **MERCIER**
EXTRA DRY



That well-bred

Otterburn

look . . .

Otterburn is genuine thoroughbred tweed. It is made from pure new wool of the finest quality. It tailors beautifully and comes in a wonderful range of interesting colours. Ask to see the Otterburn bunch at your favourite store. Some of the most attractive ready-made garments are tailored in Otterburn tweed—look for the label.





*Britain's finest cigarette,
just the best tobacco,
skilfully blended, expertly packed.*